

# THE LIVING AGE.

EIGHTH SERIES }  
VOL. II. }

No. 3747 April 29, 1916

{ FROM BEGINNING  
VOL. CCLXXXIX }

## CONTENTS

I. Some Impressions in America. <i>By Gertrude Kingston</i>	
	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER 259
II. A Chaplet of Heroes. <i>By Mary Duclaux</i>	QUARTERLY REVIEW 266
III. Barbara Lynn. Chapter XX. The Spell of Thundergay. Chapter XXI. The Call. <i>By Emily Jenkinson.</i> (To be continued)	279
IV. Practical Purpose in Scientific Research. <i>By Professor R. A. Gregory, F.S.A.R.</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE 286
V. The Spirit of Man	TIMES 295
VI. The Boar's Foot. Chapter III. <i>By Mrs. Brian Luck.</i> (Concluded)	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL 300
VII. The Hyphenated. <i>By L. B. N.</i>	NEW STATESMAN 303
VIII. Dr. Wilson's "Household Foes." <i>By Ignatius Phayre</i>	OUTLOOK 308
IX. Instinct and Reason. <i>By Horace Hutchinson.</i>	WESTMINSTER GAZETTE 312
X. The Kaiser as Strategist. <i>By Major General Sir Alfred E. Turner</i>	SATURDAY REVIEW 314
XI. Portugal at War.	ECONOMIST 316
A PAGE OF VERSE	
XII. The Harvesting. <i>By W. Fothergill Robinson</i>	POETRY REVIEW 258
XIII. The Gift of India. <i>By Sarojini Naidu</i>	WESTMINSTER GAZETTE 258
XIV. Pax Ventura. <i>By Margaret Sockville</i>	NATION 258
BOOKS AND AUTHORS	317



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY  
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## THE HARVESTING.

This did we know;  
 That there was life, and an endless  
 loveliness  
 Scattered the length and breadth of  
 a living world;  
 All that there lay before and around  
 was holiness  
 Coloring all, could we look on the  
 canvas unfurled;  
 This in truth did we know.

Thus did we sow;  
 Awhile of the life which gave from a  
 boundless store  
 We chose what seemed were the  
 easiest creeds to hold;  
 We looked for the cheapest things of  
 life to adore  
 And then? Could we blame the  
 world that our hearts were cold;  
 Thus as fools did we sow.

Now we have reaped;  
 Like souls in torment, learning of  
 good from others  
 We, with our vision cleared in the  
 purge of strife,  
 Have been taught in our pains the  
 only truths from our brothers;  
 Now have we learned, and com-  
 passed the meaning of Life  
 Now when in pain we have reaped?

*W. Fothergill Robinson.*

*The Poetry Review.*

## THE GIFT OF INDIA.

Is there aught you need that my hands  
 withhold,  
 Rich gifts of raiment or grain or gold?  
 Lo! I have flung to the East and West  
 Priceless treasures torn from my breast,  
 And yielded the sons of my stricken  
 womb  
 To the drum-beats of duty, the sabres  
 of doom.

Gathered like pearls in their alien  
 graves

Silent they sleep by the Persian waves;  
 Scattered like shells on Egyptian sands  
 They lie with pale brows and brave,  
 broken hands;  
 They are strewn like blossoms mown  
 down by chance  
 On the blood-brown meadows of Flan-  
 ders and France.

Can ye measure the grief of the tears I  
 weep  
 Or compass the woe of the watch I keep?  
 Or the pride that thrills thro' my heart's  
 despair  
 And the hope that comforts the anguish  
 of prayer?  
 And the far sad glorious vision I see  
 Of the torn red banners of victory?

When the terror and tumult of hate shall  
 cease  
 And life be refashioned on anvils of  
 peace,  
 And your love shall offer memorial  
 thanks  
 To the comrades who fought in your  
 dauntless ranks,  
 And you honor the deeds of the death-  
 less ones,  
 Remember the blood of my martyred  
 sons!  
 Hyderabad, Deccan, 1915.

*Sarojini Naidu.*

*The Westminster Gazette.*

## PAX VENTURA.

Our peace was but a honey-comb,  
 Whereon we fed like gluttoned bees,  
 Not knowing that the peace to come,  
 Must be as dangerous as the seas.

A sword—a magnitude—a flame,  
 A holy passion, brave and high;  
 Not for this peace that was our shame,  
 Do ye, O our redeemers, die!

Gather us up out of our sleep,  
 And pray that we may be forgiven,  
 Who followed life like frightened sheep,  
 Who lived in Hell, and spoke of  
 Heaven.

*Margaret Sackville.*

*The Nation.*

## SOME IMPRESSIONS IN AMERICA.

We have no more understanding of the soul of America over here than they have over there of the British temperament. We are as far apart as some thousands of miles of ocean and a common ancestry can make us. We speak the same tongue but not the same language.

The many British born subjects who until 1914 yearly migrated to America did not help to a better comprehension of us, for they were men and women who left their homes to make a living denied them by the restricted opportunities of our insular position, and the bare fact that they found in the United States what they could not find at home would acclimatize them far quicker than any other influence; while their children, growing up to a material prosperity much in advance of the social status of their parents, would prefer to ignore a country left by the latter in humbler circumstances, so that it would not be in human nature not to become passionately Americanized in a single generation.

The buoyant quality of young America's hopefulness is—to me at least—the most attractive feature of life over there. Daily she receives into her arms the penniless orphans and derelicts of the whole world, and daily these orphans and derelicts emerge from their despairing poverty into brighter and more prosperous material conditions. Well might she write over the gateway to this Tower of Babel "Gather fresh hope, all ye who enter here."

Desperation at failure is there almost unknown. Optimism is the prevailing note of the poor. In England (before the War opened up opportunities to the masses) a youth starting out in the world began his career with doubt, often with dismay; he was quite convinced that he would not make a good

thing of it, because of his self-depreciation, and quite convinced too that there was nothing else for which he was better fitted. He had that got-to-do-something-may-as-well-do-this attitude that is never a happy augury for success. This humble frame of mind may be more attractive socially, but is certainly less effective economically.

The American youth on the other hand is full of self-confidence that, given the opportunity, he will "make good," or if that opportunity stay out too long, he will "put it over" all the same. "Put it over" means in the Yankee glossary much the same as "making good," with this difference—that you "put it over on to someone else." That is the main-spring of American business. You have got, not only to show you can "get busy" to some purpose, but also that you can get busier and better than the other man, and the queer thing about this game is that though the other man may not like being worsted in the fight, it appears to act rather as a spur to him than as a discouragement. Moreover, the other men in the deal are not irritated by any successful piece of bluff but rather entertained by it. On the whole I should say they prefer doing business with a gambler who ignores defeat to doing it with a stickler for professional sincerity. So that if a man fails because his luck does not "see him through," indulgently everyone is ready to give the "poor fellow another start," whereas if he fails because he dare not take risks, most people are simply intolerant of his failure.

The more practical view of this state of affairs is that it conduces to an attitude of mind in which no American ever gives up the hope of becoming a millionaire until he is laid in the grave, while the Englishman who goes bankrupt in means is also bankrupt in hopes. For

in England failure is not respectable, and bankruptcy is dishonest.

When I say that the United States Constitution is one of Democracy but of Democracy ruled by the Bell-boy, it is perhaps necessary to explain what exactly is the Bell-boy. He is the youth who presides over the destinies of hotel visitors, and incidentally over the oscillations of the lift or "elevator"; your comfort depends on the alacrity with which the Bell-boy answers your telephone; and when he has carried your messages and cables back and forwards a sufficiently long time to gain some smattering of your negotiations, as likely as not in that country of miraculous fortunes he will set up in your own line and "put it over on" to some of your best customers. This is where the quality of hope comes in, there is never any knowing when the Bell-boy may not jump your claim from information overheard or gathered in the "elevator"! It is not pretty from a spotless point of view in an English landscape, but it is picturesque as a buccaneering horizon of adventure.

Now, it needs no more than this to demonstrate quite clearly why we, on this side, cannot put ourselves in the line of sight of people over there, and that same Bell-boy may be, and is probably, the son of your tenant who emigrated because he could not make his farm pay without the capital that banks were not ready to lend him without any security but the sweat of his brow; and the fact that his father left the old home with bitterness in his heart is precisely why his son, the Bell-boy, should show how little he owes to his sire's country. Yet it was not possible to spend some months in the United States at the outbreak of the war without realizing that deep down in the heart of all there exists a certain family affection for us. True, it undergoes rather some of those qualifications that grow up in the mind of every child about parent or guardian,

the kind of qualification that reasons something in this way: "The Governor is an old-fashioned fogey with manners and customs dating back to the year one, but after all, he is a gentleman!"; but I am not sure that is not largely due to our own fault.

Americans are accustomed to hear Englishmen of distinguished attainments come over to lecture them on how they (the Americans) should *not* do things; they have to listen quietly to teachers from the older civilizations addressing them after the manner of a school-master preaching a homily to unruly pupils; but when the indomitable "Teddy" Roosevelt gave us a bit of our own back at a City feast, we did not think it in quite good taste. We said it was ill-mannered and, though Americans are too much convinced of our social code of etiquette to call it ill-mannered in us when we commit the same tactlessness, they do not like it all the same, and it creates a coolness where none should exist.

We bear ourselves towards the Americans something as do the relatives-in-law towards the heiress of newly found wealth who has married into a family of ancient lineage: the attitude of "people like ourselves" (that immortal essence of snobbism once dropped on the floor of the House of Lords!) that is so irritating because so unanswerable, and because the only repartee to the phrase "*We don't do that!*" is the riposte "*But I do.*"—a reply that sounds merely pert and not final. The fact is that you cannot convince a people that have not had time in their history books to create a *standard* that they should in common fairness to their neighbors have at least a *criterion* of behavior. The feelings of your neighbors are obviously a matter of indifference to you if you are a law unto yourselves! And yet in 1914 when the great psychological crisis in the soul of America occurred; when suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, Ger-



manic ideals were practised on helpless Belgium; when we really might have reminded America how much hung on the pronouncement of her word of protest, the irreproachable tact of our diplomatic manners forbade us to urge her to say what we hoped from her as a great nation. We held our tongues discreetly with the gentlemanlike feeling that if a nation did not feel what course she should take in such a crisis, it was not for people like ourselves to point it out to her. Herein we showed how little we knew of the soul of America.

I was in the United States when the first glimmering appeared of what Germany's missionary spirit of Kultur meant to civilization. To us who count our Gothic towers by the hundred, and whose libraries are stocked since the early centuries by generation after generation, the burning of Louvain and the destruction of ancient monuments could not bring a greater shock than to a people laboriously bent on piling up an index of history in the shortest possible space of time. What would be the feelings of a multi-millionaire who would gladly have bought up the Town Hall of Ypres, and transplanted it bodily to Fifth Avenue? Think of the pride of Philadelphia if Rheims Cathedral could have reared its western portal "on" one of her avenues! When we observe the loving care with which America tends the smallest monument to her antiquity, we can measure her horror at the obliteration of exquisite works of art. We said to ourselves "Now America will see what these barbarians are doing!" but we did not say to America "Let us see what you are going to do!" England was silent!

Then out came the horrible record of bestiality and savagery, the record of those unspeakable crimes that the mind may not dwell on and yet retain its balance. And still England waited to learn how America would take it!

The majority of hyphenated Americans consoled themselves with the reflection that all the newspapers were exaggerating for the sake of copy, and that lies were being told on both sides. The deadly folly of muzzling the British Press was never so apparent as over there. News of how things were going came from all over the world, filtering cunningly through German sources, save only from the British Press. As this was silent about our reverses or our losses known through others it was not believed when we printed stories of our advances. If, argued the philo-German, you cannot depend on the British Press to tell us what *has* happened, it is quite capable of telling us what *has not* happened.

Among the Americans, pure and simple, there was always a pronounced pro-Ally feeling. I will not say that it was strongly pro-British except always among the very wealthy or the cultivated classes who know and love England; but on landing in New York even the Custom House officials asked with interest whether I thought the Allies would "win out." "We are all pro-Allies here," they said, and this first expression of sympathy in a strange land was good to hear. In shops, detecting my English accent, the same cordiality was expressed by the people who served me—(over there salesmen and women are not limited to the state of the weather in their conversation with customers!) Outside the big newspaper offices where the war bulletins were displayed in huge letters and large crowds gathered to read them at all hours of night and day, speakers hired by Teutonic agents were stationed to "put up" a debate on the winning chances or the causes of the War, but though I never saw any great desire on the part of the mob to reply to these now familiar prevarications, I never heard any expressions of sympathy with the German orators. (We could

have spent the public moneys less usefully than in paying accomplished debaters to reply, but our methods do not permit of so democratic a proceeding!)

Perhaps the habit of living cheek by jowl with persons of every race and color induces a mutual tolerance to conditions that among the populace of other countries would have led to a free fight, but "on" Broadway all was orderly. Indeed, the general feeling about the German previous to the sinking of the *Lusitania* was that he went his way peacefully and industriously, and was easily transformed into a "good citizen." Knowing the dumb obedience of the Teutonic character to the powers that be, this is not surprising. The real American did not mix with him much socially, because the German over there is usually a Jew, but treated him with civility on account of his civic qualities. No one who has visited the United States will fail to notice how much that word "citizenship" is to the fore. I fancy that we may translate it into our English expression of "public-spirit."

It was not easy for the American to realize that these quiet, plodding, home-loving people were of the same bone, blood, and brutality as the men who pillaged and sacked and dishonored and massacred the homes of Belgium, Serbia, and Armenia, and the first definite evidence of this blood-relationship was in the festivities held in the blaze of German beerhouses and restaurants on the night on which America mourned the drowning of some of her best-loved citizens.

After that the name of Lord Bryce, a popular and respected personage in the States, attesting the dire evidence against the Germans in Belgium carried conviction with it at last, and turned many an old friendship into hatred against those hyphenated Americans whose sympathies remained, in spite of

all, with the Vaterland. Many ties of marriage and habit were broken, and many an acquaintance of years dissolved among the people I met, but, though sympathies were with Belgium for her tragic necessities, and with France for the loss of her fair provinces, they were only academically but not sentimentally with England for her part in the fight.

America has that quaint dislike of our ancestry that comes of an ignorance of it, and also something of that fear of being "patronized" that one finds in people who are not quite sure of themselves. It is the kind of distrust that makes a man keep on his hat in the presence of people it is customary to salute; that desire not to make way for the passer-by "on the side walk" because he has as good a right to be there as yourself. This does not make for comfort or for quiet enjoyment of life, but when America has a moment of leisure and can settle down to the business of enjoying instead of to the business of making a country, she is going to see to all that and improve on our slow-going methods in the bargain.

Meanwhile, precisely because she has for emblem the Stars and Stripes that represent the conflicting elements of confederate States and Communities, precisely because she is a people composed of a hundred races, she is more sensitive to an aspersion on her national honor than any other people in the world. And this sensitiveness is at the bottom of the American's distrust of his English cousins. He thinks that our reticence veils some unexpressed disapproval of himself. Useless to explain that we are self-absorbed and detached, and do not even take notice of our neighbors—that is an offensive implication that our neighbors are not worth noticing. Our very quietness of demeanor is to his mind a tacit reproach of his more

exuberant behavior. Impossible for him to realize that we are not ever more demonstrative.

"I thought your habitual expression of indifference was a 'poker-face,'" said an American doctor to me, "until I went to the Front. Then I found out it was your national habit of reserve, and that underneath it the individual is a good deal more human and natural than a great many people who protest and shout about their feelings." (That description of a "poker-face" is one of those quick, neat examples of word-painting that make Americans the most entertaining of after-dinner speakers.)

Psychologically the greatest blunder of German diplomacy in America was the sinking of the *Lusitania*. It was the first time that Americans and English had suffered in common since they were opposed to one another in the War of Independence, and it cemented the elanship. On the part of the Germans it was a mercantile trick to paralyze our sea-going commerce; they warned Americans to obey their injunctions or to sail at their own risk; they only succeeded in washing out the scars of 1783 in the waters of the Atlantic.

Every kind of knowledge can be gauged by the rule of mathematical calculation save only the knowledge of human nature. The Creator has kept that secret to Himself, and more particularly from the Germans. They cannot even guess at it.

Up to the moment of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, though many regretted the silence of their President about the invasion of Belgium, most acknowledged the difficulties of President Wilson's situation. The love of peace has been for some time a favorite cult of a non-sectarian people that has turned Christianity into a Science and Pacifism into a religion. They forgot in their hatred of war that if pacifist, two must

play at the same game; and while they proclaim with fervor that they want to see war abolished, they are painfully anxious lest we should not beat the Germans to a standstill. Then there is the hyphenated American who, loudly proclaiming himself an American if the Stars and Stripes are to be dragged in the mud, equally loudly proclaims himself a German if he thinks America can be influenced by German ideals. Lastly, there is the Irish-American ever ready to play off one party against another if by it he can get some sort of political advantage into his own hands. Above all we have to remember that in America the business of politics is a business by itself. It has not permeated the life of the people except in so far as the financial side of it depends upon an intricate machinery of votes. Into the social life it never obtrudes itself. It is ignored in conversation among polite people as of something not talked about, and is "taboo" in the circles ruled by "society leaders" (*sic.*). If you mention a relative or friend as being a Member of Parliament to some one not quite conversant with customs over here, you will see a shadow of disappointment cross the face of your host at your social status not being as good as he had thought.

Theodore Roosevelt, who was of good lineage, only carried off the situation by the adventurous, swashbuckling spirit of his ancestry, and Woodrow Wilson ran for the Presidency on the strength of his ideals for cleanly legislation and the suppression of "trusts." So long as he thwarted the millionaire and vexed the soul of the gambler in stocks and shares, he was mildly approved of by the well-educated American who abhors the screech of the dollar, but when he failed in his ideal of international honor, when he refused to pronounce what the rest of the nation felt about the tearing up of the notorious "scrap of paper," he fell

out with the real American who is neither of the breed of Irish emigrant grown rich in a suspiciously short time, nor of the stock of Austro-Germanic Hungarian who thrives in every spot on earth save only in his native spot where he is known. It may be that the voice of the *real* American is at last making itself heard in the ears of the President, not too late for re-election, but too late for Germany's rehabilitation who has pledged herself now too far into the policy of frightfulness to admit her mistake to herself and to her people. Certainly it was to that great section of *real* Americans that we should have made our appeal!

While Germany and Austria sent what they thought their cleverest men to alienate the hyphenated vote from the President if he failed to play their game, Great Britain remained proudly silent. While Germany was at great pains to propitiate the American war-correspondent, allowing him to see an army only when and where it was "on parade," we were at great pains to keep him altogether away from our Front: he came back with photographs of the German lines made especially for Yankee consumption; there were always pictures of Huns playing with the children of the enemy or sharing a meal with an old woman; and to look at the Sunday edition of a New York paper one would have thought that no German was ever shot down or made a prisoner. Real Americans had too much sense of humor to be taken in by this, German-Americans believed every line of it.

At Harvard, at which University there had been an exchange of professors with Berlin, the real object of this interchange was to influence the American professor in Berlin and the American student in Massachusetts. The American professor had too keen an intelligence not to be alive to the fact that he was wanted only as an

instrument to be played on in the Wilhelmstrasse, while Dr. Muensterberg at Harvard was wanted only as an agent to report for his Government. For this purpose the German professor had before the War made some effort to play a considerable social rôle in Cambridge, Mass., keeping open house, for which no doubt means were liberally placed at his disposal by his Government. When I was in Boston, however, I think this had come to be generally recognized, and I imagine he was getting a good deal of cold shouldering. So far as society could show disapproval in a neutral country, I never saw a more marked exhibition of it than in the luncheon room of the Ritz Hotel in New York on one occasion when the German Ambassador came in to have his meal. All eyes were averted, and he sat alone—a shame-faced, solitary figure, very much sent to Coventry. But he was not left to bear the brunt of the situation alone. Dr. Dernburg, not quite so conventionally trained in the diplomatic Academy, was sent to use his wits to supplement the Ambassador's until such time as the doctor became a *persona non grata*.

In England the authorities took the stand that American common-sense could very well distinguish right from wrong (forgetting that common-sense has nothing to do with political wisdom), and that it was an indictment of their good judgment to explain anything further. Not so long ago our Secretary for Foreign Affairs was sending a message to that effect, one that was meant to be the subtlest compliment to their right appreciation of our case, but reading as offhand as the American estimate of our imperturbability. Mr. Balfour, less aloof from the world and its waywardness, took the trouble to formulate a very scholarly sizing up of the British Navy's achievement since August 1914. Mr. Balfour's messages will have made proselytes. From what

I judge of American character, the other will alienate adherents.

What maid would be won by a suitor who says, "She knows I am a good fellow, let her take me or leave me!"? Is she not right in answering, "If you cannot take the trouble to be polite to me, I will say No without a Thank you for the offer"?

Germany tried to woo America. But being clumsy she succeeded only in extracting a telegram of congratulations to her Kaiser on the occasion of his birthday. In the main America is too clear-headed about right and wrong to think that Germany has been wronged or is in the right in this War. Later, when Germany failed to make a pleasant impression by her sinister efforts at flirtation she showed her mailed fist. Germany's threats to America were put into execution because she persists in thinking that is the way she can coax the maid into coyness. Yet when the President talks of preparedness the Berlin Stock Exchange gets into a panic!

It is quite clear therefore that, with a few attentions from a more ardent suitor at the psychological moment, America might have flung her arms round the neck of England.

It is precisely our want of insight into the peculiarities of this nation of many peoples that has complicated the various questions arising in the States. So slow are we in changing our conventional methods that we are quite content to lull ourselves to sleep with the comfortable assurance that the Foreign Office knows all there is to know that is worth knowing. We refuse to take advantage of any information not given us in the usual channels, and knowledge acquired otherwise than along the lines laid down by red tape is not admissible. The experience of the man on the spot, the advice of the expert counts as nothing against the judgment of a public servant in Whitehall. Our traders,

our travelers, our Colonists are not encouraged to tell us what they have heard in bazaars and caravans or picked up in bars and brasseries, yet I would rather trust the racing tout for a betting tip than a member of the Jockey Club! It is contrary to our formula of respectable behavior to call in a subordinate to give his opinion as to what he has observed on his humble path, or to accept help proffered by the people who know the ground.

When the War broke out we had an extremely courteous representative out there trained in the best traditions of the Foreign Office. Imagination is not an attribute that is encouraged in a public department, nor—with wireless telegraphy at our command—is independence of action. Independence of action arises from a strange blend of courage and impertinence that is not "well-seen" in Whitehall. No matter! we had an excellent and adequate official over there, but in the pressing and unusual circumstances that had arisen in the matter of work consequent upon our country being in a state of war, we might well have sent a little help in the person of—shall we say some figure that appealed to the histrionic? No, I may not use that word. The critical hankering for the commonplace in the Whig mind of this country (for England may play at being democratic, she will never be otherwise than Whig!) will object to a person called "histrionic" being sent out at a moment when we ought to be at our most serious. Then let us say that we should have sent out a "personage." America, precisely because she is democratic and has nothing of the Whig about her, loves a personage: somebody around whom she can weave what her journalists call a "good story." One of our ex-Ambassadors, for instance, who had been in Berlin and knew something of Prussian methods and devious ways. Or if these were too "big



bonnets" to run in double harness, then one of those alert military attachés who knew all about the German secret service of propaganda, one of those men whose full reports of the Prussian preparations for an invasion of Belgium and England had been so carefully pigeon-holed when we accepted the Kaiser's invitations to dinner! Some one with first-hand information to counteract all the plausible statements (that we know to be lies but that others do not necessarily know to be lies), simulations of facts and figures that were scattered broadcast by the smooth-tongued Dernburgs, Muensterbergs, Kuno Meyers, and others of the same kidney, paid by Germany to be what over there is known as "publicity manager." (The dirtier part of her plotting in the States was, as we know, left in the hands of the now notorious Von Papen and Boy-Ed. Austria contributed her Dumbas, as we have seen.)

When it was a question of lecturing on the true causes of war, everybody here said it would be an insult to American intelligence to presume that she had not sense enough and love of justice enough to see and judge on the merits of the case. Why did we take it for granted that she needed no convincing? Americans listen to lectures all

The Nineteenth Century and After.

day long. They like to be told about things that they take an interest in. It is part and parcel of their "live-wire" intelligence that they really want to hear about what they do not know, remarkable as that may seem to us here. England might have paid them the compliment of sending over an historian to speak to the public about the War. Americans were avid for details of the struggle. They think war. They dream war. Public moneys would not have been ill-spent in organizing a series of lectures on the subject in the early days. Even now it would not be too late to let them know a little more about the work that has been done, that is being done, so that they may better envisage the issues at stake.

I say that American sympathies have been neglected, and the flower of her friendship left unwatered and untended because we are too short-sighted to see that there are millions of people who have nothing in common with us but the mother tongue. We cannot fathom how our discretion, on which we pride ourselves, might be mistaken for disapproval, and that a silence we mean for sympathy may also by a more lively nation be mistaken for self-righteousness.

*Gertrude Kingston.*

---

### A CHAPLET OF HEROES.\*

The resident in a Catholic country envies sometimes the placid old women sitting in the twilight, telling their beads; their dim sight and thickened tympanums do not disturb this tranquil occupation; they seem secure against the demon of *Ennui*. Why should not we Anglicans institute, in the interests of the idle, the elderly, the meditative or the sentimental, an unconsecrated

rosary of recollection, adapted to the events of our existence? As we fingered the chaplet—every bead of it representing a year of our past—when we came to the big bead we should linger and reflect, and try to draw a lesson from the evocation of that term of years. Or we might string a thread to commemorate the lovely places we have seen, recalling them on different days at different seasons, summoning thus from the dimmest haunts of our

\*Ernest Psichari, Charles Péguy, Emile Nolly (Captain Détanger), Henri Alain-Fournier, André Lafon.

memories beauties too good to lose. Or we might count a chaplet of the Dead.

Today I would tell my beads very briefly in memory of five French soldiers, men of letters by profession, who died for their country in the first months of the war. It was on them I chiefly counted to renew the spirit of literature in France. Yet (with the exception of Péguy, who was an eccentric genius) they were perhaps not more gifted than several others—than Paul Acker, for instance, or Léo Byram, among the hundred and fifty young writers who have fallen for France. They had not yet gathered in the finest fruit of their vintage, for (save Péguy, who was over forty) they were young. They belonged one and all—Péguy first and young Lafon last—to a generation in full reaction against the excessive intellectualism of their fathers and their elder brothers. Two of them were soldiers and explorers by profession, men who had seen life arduously enough, and death face to face, in African deserts and in colonial battles; these were Captain Détanger (Emile Nolly) and Lieutenant Ernest Psichari; Alain-Fournier stood on the threshold of politics as secretary to Claude Casimir-Périer (also fallen); Charles Péguy was a publisher, a printer, a polemist, as well as a prose-writer and a poet; while André Lafon was a budding schoolmaster. Not one of them was an out-and-out man of letters of that thorough-going and professional sort whose horizon is bounded by the two-peaked summit of Parnassus and the roofs of Grub Street. They were men of action, doers, not dreamers.

Of course, all of them had served their term of military service in the regiment, and had thus, beside their official calling, another—the career of arms. All felt, with a precision and an acuity that their forefathers could not guess, the importance of the regiment—of the

army—and the corresponding humiliation of belonging to a country that has been vanquished in arms, but has not yet avenged and redeemed that disgrace. It is, in fact, the army of a nation which determines the language it shall speak, the laws it shall obey, the trade it shall make, and even the Church it shall worship in, since all these follow the conqueror. These young men considered themselves to belong to a generation—to a series of generations—sacrificed in 1870, deprived by that defeat of their place in History. The little things they did they could not love; the great things they fain would do they were not allowed to undertake; so that they felt like the sons of a bankrupt emperor, unable to forget their Empire or their bankruptcy. For compare the France of fifty years ago with the France of Caillaux! No amount of literary glory, or scientific invention, or artistic refinement, or material prosperity, could console this ardent generation. They murmured with their spokesman, Péguy:

“Où sont nos mourants et nos morts? Nous n'avons même pas renversé un gouvernement! Nous mourrons tous dans notre lit! Et je ne m'intéresse pas aux personnes qui mettent cinquante ans à mourir dans leur lit.”

So deep in them did the taste for action and activity descend that Péguy declared in one of his most characteristic pages:

“Ne peuvent pas mener une vie chrétienne, c'est-à-dire ne peuvent pas être chrétiens, ceux qui sont assurés du pain quotidien . . . Et ce sont les rentiers, les fonctionnaires, les moines. Peuvent seuls mener une vie chrétienne, c'est-à-dire peuvent seuls être chrétiens, ceux qui ne sont pas assurés du pain quotidien. Et ce sont les joueurs (petits et gros), les aventuriers; les pauvres et les misérables; les industriels, les commerçants (petits et gros); les hommes mariés, les pères de famille,

ces grands aventuriers du monde moderne" ("Victor-Marie, Comte Hugo," ch. 84).

Well, if thus they still felt in the spring of 1914, before that blazing summer should run out they were to have their fill of life and death! Three of them at least must have quaffed their heart's desire. I know little of the dreamy, delicate Lafon; his slight young soul seems to have slipped away out of all that clamor and clatter of battle like a frail white wisp of sky-ascending vapor, or the clear note of a clarion. But I know that the romantic Alain-Fournier was happy in his great adventure an hour or two before his mysterious end. As for Péguy, Psichari, and Nolly, their death was a dream come true—almost the answer to a prayer.

"Faites que je sois fort, et que je tue beaucoup d'ennemis. . . . Si vous le voulez, Seigneur Dieu, donnez-moi la grâce de mourir dans une grande victoire."

Such is the soldier's petition in Psichari's "Appel des Armes." And their prayers are answered; they are dead in their promise, but at least they have lived! The longed-for hour arrived, and they left the daily round, the dull routine, and set forth to conquer a new world—to frame it nearer to the heart's desire! What a task was theirs—to save, defend, avenge! Around them mustered hundreds and thousands and millions of soldiers, one at heart with them, following the same flag, marching in step; the same mighty passion, like a rhythm, beating in all alike. See them, swinging forward, with that quick yet patient stride, mile after mile, league after league. Hear them, humming rather than singing, crooning rather than humming, no poem of their own (poets though they be) but the same wild song for all—La Marseillaise. Mark them, marching

through the sunstroke and stifling dust of August 1914 to the scorched, cannon-blasted stubble-fields of the Marne; breasting the whistling winds of Lorraine; scaling the forest-hung precipices of the Vosges; sunk knee-deep in the black mud of Flanders; slipping in the white treacherous slime of Champagne. All are equal, all are one—glorious incorporate atoms of the Eternal France, even as, in the communion of saints, living and dead are blent in the substance of God. No voice, no soul of their own, but henceforth an inseparable immortality, the army of 1914.

The first of them to fall was Ernest Psichari. I knew him root and branch—his grandparents before him, and his mother in her charming girlhood; and, when I think of Ernest, the first image to rise on my mind's eye is that of a dear boy of eleven years old whom I found one day half-stupefied with grief, passionately sobbing, beside an open wardrobe, in which he had discovered the dressing-gown worn by his grandmother the year before, when she had nursed him through some childish illness—and she had died in the spring. The child's heart, perceiving in one moment the irrevocable, and the impoverishment of life when some great tenderness goes out of it, nearly burst with the force of that enlarging pang. And then I see another Ernest, still younger, perhaps nine, unaware of my presence in his grandmother's drawing-room, as he talks to his little brother in the twilight: "When I am grown up (says Ernest) I shall be a great man! Et j'aurai ma statue sur tous les marchés de France!" And the little one of seven ripples with laughter at Ernest's having so satisfactorily "gone one better": "Il y a du chemin à faire, mon frère! (says he). Il y a bien du chemin à faire!" Whereat I too laughed and broke the spell, the two little boys informing me that,

while waiting for their violin-lesson, "fon s'amusait à raconter des blagues."

Even in Ernest's fun there was a desire of greatness; that, and an intense sensibility, a rare faculty of moral imagination, were what I chiefly noticed in the child, of whom I saw less and less as his studies absorbed him more and more; youths between twelve and twenty have little time for their mother's friends. A quiet young man, with charming, living eyes, and in his whole aspect something ardent, firm and grave—that is all that Ernest Psichari was to me.

And then came a bolt from the blue. It was on the morrow of the Dreyfus case, when France was divided into two camps, and each faction feverishly counted its men and the great families which centralized these men on either side. As Daniel Halévy wrote, in a passage already celebrated: "Paris a ses familles comme Florence eut les siennes; et ses maisons, non couronnées de tours, n'en abritent pas moins des factions guerrières." Ernest was born into one of these houses—one of the most important to the Liberals—for those grandparents of his (both dead before that shock of schism shook France to her foundations); those grandparents of whom I have written, were Ernest Renan and his wife. And his father was Jean Psichari, a philologist of most "advanced" opinions. It came, therefore, almost as a defection, an apostasy, when the rumor spread in the ruffled circles of the Dreyfusards that Renan's grandson, at nineteen, had enlisted as a volunteer in the Colonial Artillery.

"Le fils a pris le parti de ses pères contre son père"—so Ernest himself defined the situation in his "Appel des Armes." Just as his Breton ancestors, curious of the vast world on the other side the seas, most incurious of worldly advancement, would sail the world over in the service of the State, before

the mast, seamen content with the salt air and their duty, so this grandson of theirs spent five years with his cannon in the Congo, a non-commissioned officer. When at twenty-four years of age he returned to Paris, he could scarcely understand why his friends pressed him to enter a school for officers. "One can serve the country as well in the ranks; one is perhaps more useful!" But he yielded to his mother—to her, indeed, he always yielded.

Péguy has left an eloquent description of his friend, telling how he lived like a king in the palace of the Ecole Militaire, but a step from the dome of the Invalides, where in the summer mornings, in the freshness of the dawn, he used to escort his slender little three-inch cannon—"ses 75, ces petits eunes gens de canons modernes, ces gringalets de canons modernes, au corps d'insecte, aux roues comme des pattes d'araignées"—filing them off under the shadow of the monstrous historic artillery of the great Pensioners' Hospital, the cannon of Fontenoy and Malplaquet, bronze mastodons and leviathans of an earlier age. Before I learned of his presence in my neighborhood, he had left—he and his battery. He went away into the deserts of Mauretania, and there in the desolate tropical country that lies between the burning plains of Senegal and the sands of the Sahara, he spent three happy years. He sent home a little book—"Terres de soleil et de sommeil"—which marked the awakening of his literary gift; but the real event of those three years, for Ernest, was his ardent conversion to the Catholic Church. Ernest was a mystic; the only life possible to his insatiable heart was the spiritual life; and in the Sacraments he sought that assurance of a world beyond our own, in constant communication with our own, which other minds may find by other means. He has left behind him a manuscript (which is to see the

light this winter), a testimony of that inward flame of intense devotion, "Le Voyage du Centurion," a record of the Manna vouchsafed in the Desert.

It was, I think, in the end of 1912 that Ernest left that immense and mortal splendor of the Sahara and came back to France, bringing his sheaves with him, in the shape of a short military novel, "L'Appel des Armes," which (coming after Péguy's elaborate psalm) received, on its publication in 1913, an honorable, a more than honorable welcome. Ernest Psichari's fame must rest on this tiny volume, so full of inexperience, of an ardent evident *parti-pris*, but also of a sincerity, a living sensibility, a moral earnestness such that I would recommend it to the English reader (and I am sure there are many such) puzzled by the great spirit, the heroic steadfastness that the French have shown in this war, for which he finds little warrant in the "yellow-backs" on his table. Among many others, this brief record of the mind and conscience of a young French officer is a *document à l'appui* of no mean value. It relates the story of a youth of twenty who turns from the Radical, humanitarian views of his father, the village schoolmaster, to find salvation (for it is, in his case, really a sort of religious conversion, a change of heart) as a soldier in Africa. And the reader will remark, here as also in the last novels of Emile Nolly, an almost mystical view of military matters recalling the recent German theories.

"'Croyez bien,' répondait Nangès, 'que la force est toujours du côté du droit.'

"L'instituteur se récriait:

"'Mais certainement,' expliquait Timothée. 'Qu'est-ce que la force? C'est l'intelligence, la ténacité, c'est la patience, c'est l'habileté, c'est le courage, c'est la volonté. Voilà, Vincent, les facteurs de la force. Voilà les fibres du tissu. Ne croyez-vous pas qu'avec toutes les

vertus qui la composent, la force n'a pas de grandes chances d'avoir toujours le droit pour elle?'

"Naturellement, Vincent ne comprenait pas."

Alas, how soon were events to show our young neophyte that intelligence, that tenacity—that patience, ingenuity, courage, force of will—that the most indisputable military qualities may be associated with inhuman, with indeed a devilish perversity! But Ernest did not live long enough to learn all the ripe iniquity of his enemy. He fell in the very beginning of the war, at Rossignol, on the frontiers of Luxembourg, midway between Virton and Montmédy—quite close to Sedan, in fact; and the Germans thought to make another great haul there. The fight at Rossignol was a sort of southern branch of that terrible battle of Charleroi which no living European can ever forget. The French commander, perceiving the ruse and danger of the enemy's plan, set on the low hill of Rossignol some twelve thousand men, with orders to hold the heights to the last man and shield the road beneath, where the French troops were passing in one constant stream; and the men who died there were not less heroic than those of Thermopylæ. Twelve thousand, they were; and I am told that scarce one of them lived to reach the French lines. They fought all day—thirteen hours—against a hundred thousand Germans, holding the passage (one cannot call it a pass, for the hills there are too low), and, towards evening, they saw on the horizon a moving gray mass, and thought for a moment that this meant reinforcements. Oh, despair! they were German reinforcements! I say, despair! for such a feeling indeed fills my breast in writing of this supreme deception; but the young officer who gave this account to Psichari's mother, affirms that even then (feeling how useful was the part they played) not despair but a noble ex-



hilaration was the intimate feeling of those heroes on the hill. At last the German army, creeping steadily nearer, and distant now by no more than thirty metres, prepared to take the last irreducible French batteries by assault. At this moment, Lieutenant X saw Ernest Psichari lead his Captain, grievously wounded, to the *poste de secours*, immediately returning to face the enemy. He came on with that quick half-racing, half-dancing step which the soldiers call the "*pas gymnastique*," on his face a bright excited smile, and ran with this springing gait to his battery, standing there a moment, still smiling, as he watched the oncoming mass. And then he fell right across his cannon—slipped heavily to the ground; a ball in the temple had shattered that young head, so full of dreams.

"Pourtant, dans sa grande peine, une consolation lui venait. Car il croyait que le sang des martyrs était utile. Sa conviction était que rien n'est perdu dans le monde, que tout se reporte et se retrouve au total; ainsi tous les actes sublimes des héros formaient pour lui une sorte de capital commun dont les intérêts se reversaient obscurément sur des milliers d'âmes inconnues. Mais quand il pensait à ceux qui n'iaient cela dans sa patrie, alors il plissait les lèvres, il souriait, et quel mépris dans son sourire!" ("L'Appel des Armes," p. 295).

I think that Péguy never learned the death of his friend, for Charleroi, after all, was but a little while before the battle of the Marne, and news in those difficult days traveled so slowly. One of Péguy's last preoccupations was the hope of meeting Ernest on the road to battle; and in fact they must have been in Lorraine together, but no chance encounter by road or rail set the two friends face to face. They both set out in the same mood of heroic exaltation. "Si je tombe (said Péguy) ne

me pleurez pas; ce que je vais faire vaut trente ans de travail!" Thanks to the recital of one of his soldiers, Victor Boudon, we can witness the fall—or rather I would say the assumption—of the poet and brother of Joan of Arc. For he too fell in driving the invader out of France! There is an extraordinary breath of heroism in this page of an unknown private soldier relating the end of a great man. I cannot do better than translate it here, for the daily paper in which M. Barrès published it (though treasured by many) is but a thing of the hour. I translate with some abridgements and suppressions:

"On the 5th September in the morning, the 55th division of the army of Paris was ranged on the left of the forces which had received the general order 'Die where you stand, rather than retreat.' In front of us, on the wooded hills that reach from Dammartin to Meaux, von Kluck and his Boches, who had followed us step by step from Roye during our terrible retreat, lay in wait for us, hidden in their trenches, like beasts of prey.

"The heat was tropical; the battalion halted a moment at the pretty village of Nantouillet. I see again, with the mind's eye, our dear Lieutenant Péguy, seated on a stone, white with dust (as indeed we all were), covered with sweat, his beard rough and shaggy, his eyes shining behind his pince-nez. Such he was, as we had seen him in Lorraine during the retreat, impervious to fatigue, brave under a storm of shells, going from one to another of his men with a cheering word for each throughout the whole length of our company (the 19th) sharing our rations (and we ate as a rule one day in three), never complaining despite his forty years, as young as the youngest, knowing just the right way to take the Parisians that we were, heartening the discouraged with a word, satirical enough sometimes, but more often a friendly quizzical quip, always brave, always an

example; ah, yes! I see again our dear Lieutenant, bidding us fight in hope, raising our flagging spirits in an hour when many were near despairing, with the assurance of his own absolute confidence in our final victory."

At last the sun began to slope towards evening; it was five o'clock. After four hours' incessant fire, the 75's had silenced the Prussian batteries on the ridge, and the infantry were ordered to attack their intrenchments. The black troops from Morocco, in what had seemed an invincible rush, had tried once, and failed. Now Péguy's company starts in skirmishing order; the German batteries are quiet, but when our men reach the ridge they are greeted by a storm of bullets. The ground is covered with tangled, down-trodden oats that catch the feet; and in front, just on a level with their heads, that burst of fire. Péguy's voice, ringing and glad, commands the assault: "Fou! En avant!"

"Nous tirons comme des enragés, noirs de poudre, le fusil nous brûlant les doigts. . . . Péguy est toujours debout, malgré nos cris de 'Couchez-vous,' glorieux fou dans sa bravoure. La plupart d'entre nous n'ont plus de sac, perdu lors de la retraite, et le sac, en ce moment, est un précieux abri. Et la voix du lieutenanterie toujours: 'Tirez! Tirez! Nom de Dieu!' D'aucuns se plaignent: 'Nous n'avons plus de sac, mon lieutenant, nous allons tous y passer!' 'Ça ne fait rien! (crie Péguy dans la tempête qui siffle). Moi non plus! Je n'en ai pas, vous voyez. Tirez toujours!' Et il se dresse comme un défi à la mitraille, semblant appeler cette mort qu'il glorifiait dans ses vers. Au même instant, une balle meurtrière fracasse la tête de ce héros, brise ce front généreux et noble. Il est tombé, sans un cri, ayant eu l'ultime vision de la victoire proche; et quand, cent mètres plus loint, bondissant comme un forcené, je jette derrière moi un rapide coup d'œil alarmé, j'aperçois là-bas,

comme une tache noire au milieu de tant d'autres, le corps de ce brave, de notre cher lieutenant."

It is strange how sorry I am that Péguy is gone, for, when he was alive, I think I did not much like Péguy. An odd little man with the look of a small farmer from the Loire—a farmer, a village schoolmaster, a country doctor, a curé even—there was something of all that in the refined and yet rather common little man with the bent shoulders, the charming hands, the square jowl, and the deep-set blue eyes whose glance was at once so keen and so gentle, often so quizzical, sometimes so mystically tender, and sometimes so irritable and angry.

"Un petit homme barbu (said Barrès) un paysan, sobre, poli, circonspect, défiant et doué du sens de l'amitié, bien campé sur la terre, et toujours prêt à partir en plein ciel. C'était un petit homme terne et lent, de qui se dégageait un merveilleux rayonnement."

He seemed to me like some preaching friar of the Middle Ages, vowed to Dame Poverty; and, for himself, content with a crust in his wallet—a wretched living picked up as he went along the roads—yet, where his Order was concerned, insatiable, a relentless beggar for the Love of God. Pitiless to any human hobby or pursuit of yours which did not square with that sublimer hobby and pursuit of his; himself disinterested, and yet in his ardent piety as dauntless an intriguer as any Jesuit of Eugène Sue's; cordial and frank by fits and starts, with that engaging air of rustic simplicity and popular plain-dealing, and, on the morrow, infinitely wily, full of craft, subtlety and innocent guile. I thought him, notwithstanding the mysterious, irradiating kindness which sometimes beamed from that wonderful glance of his, on the whole a crotchety creature, "difficile à vivre," with a temper full of

sudden twists and turns and unsuspected asperities.

Admirable he was, nevertheless. Patient as a peasant and courageous as an apostle, wise and witty, bitter and gay, Péguy was full of sense and of charity—almost that rarest of geniuses, a saint—and failed there (remaining merely a poet and a hero) chiefly, perhaps, because of that insatiable vanity of his. He hungered and thirsted, not only after righteousness, but after praise. And I fear he never had his due share of it. There was something of Rousseau in the fiery little autodidact with his penetrating delicacy of sentiment, and that sore vanity of his, as touchy as a gouty foot which always fears the man across the way may stumble on it. When that aching place was hurt, the poet, so exquisite in his sense of friendship, so abundant in his recognition of any help received, would surprise those most who knew him best by certain restive little treacheries or morbid quarrels—the blemishes of a too sensitive temperament.

Despite this temperament, which was not great, there was something really great in Péguy. There was in him the most generous passion of rescue—the desire at all risks to rush in and save. The grandeur and misery of Man and his need of salvation was the great idea which dominated all his life. Péguy was a mystic. Time was nothing to him; and he was sincere in saying that an act of rescue such as that which cost him his life was worth a career of thirty years. Yes, Péguy was a mystic, and one of the real, the greater race, no romantic idealist, not at all vague or dreamy, but positive and practical and intensely alive to every detail, because every fact in nature (and indeed all the best things in industry and in art) appeared to him, in Meister Eckhart's phrase, "the words of God," and therefore infinitely precious and important. One day that

LIVING AGE, VOL. II, No. 70.

his friend and mine, Daniel Halévy, that subtle and yet substantial critic, found him reading Dante's "Paradiso," in view of a certain Mystery he meant to write—"Le Propre de l'Espérance" (and the part, the lot, of Hope is Paradise)—M. Halévy asked the audacious poet if those whirling worlds of Dante's and all those whorls of singing aureoled angels did not inspire him with at least a certain vertigo? "Not at all (replied Péguy). My Paradise will be quite different."

"Il y aura dans mon Paradis des choses réelles. . . . Toutes les cathédrales." . . . Et il faisait avec les deux mains le geste d'y poser quelque chose. 'Je les y mettrai.' "

It was more or less Swedenborg's Paradise. In Péguy's eyes the soul vivified and transfigured and made alive all that it touched. Hence his utter incomprehension of all attempts to examine matter as such, his withering contempt for science and scientists, the scorn he would pour on those miserable insects, the "puissants millepieds" of the University, in their laboratories and archives.

"Et ce ne sera pas ces distingués cloportes  
Qui viendront nous chercher dans  
notre enterrement. . . .  
Et ce ne sera pas par leur usage externe  
Que nous nous lèverons de notre  
pourriture;  
Mais la Foi qui nous sauve et seule  
nous discerne  
Saura nous retrouver dans la fange et  
l'ordure."—"Eve." )

What discussions I have had with Daniel Halévy concerning the final value of this poem of "Eve," whose mighty jog-trot extends interminably over a length which exceeds the "Odyssey" and the "Iliad" together! My friend, to whose opinion I attach the greatest weight, insists on ranking

Péguy with Victor Hugo for poetry and with Rabelais for prose!

Well, all that is vain; Péguy now will never fill his measure. His monument is a broken column, like those we see in cemeteries. In these brief passages of recollection, I may not even stay to point out the extraordinary design and intention of that column; nor to quote that prose, surely unlike any other prose, which creeps up, wave after wave, with infinite repetitions and overlapping, until, like the tide on the strand, it has submerged and sucked in all the subject it meant to cover. How, in two words, could I give an idea of that style? With its reiterated rhythms, its phrase answering phrase, its fugue-like pursuit of an idea, it approaches the character of music. With its constant harking-back to one central thought, its evocations and resuscitation, it appears the unformulated tongue of meditation. Sometimes, to amuse myself, I have divided the genius of our contemporaries into those that are crystalline and those that are colloidal; and, of all, Péguy's is the most colloidal. But this, I fear, is no more clear than Péguy's prose itself.\*

For a threnody, let me merely quote those noble lines, now familiar to the soldiers of France, but which, until Péguy had fallen in battle, were lost in that vast storehouse of lumber and treasure, the poem of "Eve":

"Heureux ceux qui sont morts dans  
une juste guerre! . . .

Heureux ceux qui sont morts pour  
quatre coins de terre.

Que Dieu mette avec eux dans le  
juste plateau

Ce qu'ils ont tant aimé: quelques  
grammes de terre;

Un peu de cette vigne, un peu de ce  
coteau,

\*Any reader who wishes an introduction to the difficult genius of Péguy should read M. Daniel Halévy's essay on his friend in his volume "Quelques Jeunes Maîtres": Rivière, 1914.

Un peu de ce ravin sauvage et solitaire.

Mère, voici vos fils qui se sont tant  
battus.

Qu'ils ne soient pas pesés comme  
Dieu pèse un ange:

Que Dieu mette avec eux un peu de  
cette fange

Qu'ils étaient en principe et sont  
redevenus. . . .

. . . Heureux ceux qui sont morts  
dans les grandes batailles

Couchés dessus le sol à la face de  
Dieu. . . ."

The saints that Péguy sang were patriot saints—Geneviève, who saved Paris from the Huns; Jeanne, who delivered France from the invader. And his country was for him the outer robe of God.

About two years before the war, the French Academy (perhaps a little jealous of the popularity among the young of the two great unofficial Prizes, the "Grand Prix Goncourt," and the "Prix Vie Heureuse," each of which, every autumn, awards a sum of two hundred pounds to the best "young" novel or poem of the year), the French Academy, I say, decided to offer an annual "Grand Prix de Littérature" of double that amount. And of course Péguy was a candidate for the prize—Péguy always out at elbows with his publishing and his philanthropy; Péguy with his genius, his courage, his independence, his activity—it seemed almost impossible not to award the prize to Péguy. Who was there to compete with him? Who else of his stature? No one, except perhaps Romain Rolland, six years older, far better known, and a recent Laureate of the "Prix Vie Heureuse." The new recompense seemed almost to have been invented for Péguy. And yet, on the other hand, how *could* the Academy crown Péguy? As well imagine Lord Tennyson wreathing with bays the forehead

of Walt Whitman. The forty Immortals, however, solved the enigma; they gave the Great Prize of Literature, then for the first time bestowed, neither to Péguy, nor to any rival of Péguy's, but to a youth of two-and-twenty, quite unknown, an assistant master in a clerical school at Neuilly. His name was André Lafon.

He was the author of a pretty little novel, certainly extremely delicate and sensitive, which had fallen from the press almost unnoticed and which deserved a better fate, but not the Great Prize of Literature. It never struck me before that, in that struggle between David and Goliath, all the Giant's friends and backers must have thought the result horribly unjust to Goliath! A shepherd—that is how I see M. Lafon—a charming young shepherd strolling down Mount Olympus, to whom the Muse gave, half-smiling, a dew-bespangled branch of laurel; but, ere he could twist it into a crown, the wolf came ravening and made an end of him and it! It is not for his talent that I evoke the memory of André Lafon (though I have read and re-read "*L'Elève Gilles*" with singular sympathy, and love the too-slender, charming little book), but few things seem to me more romantic than the destiny of this young man. In the spring of 1912 a solitary, a sensitive, young usher in a school—before the year was out, his name on every lip, his purse swollen with those blessed ten thousand francs, and his slim portfolio bursting with letters from publishers. He certainly was not a Byron (it generally is *not* the genius who "wakes to find himself famous"); but that is always a romantic adventure, especially when two years later, the young laureate fills a hero's grave. Had he a mother, still young, in some old house in the provinces, to glory in her son's miraculous achievement and to mourn the withering of her hopes? I often sit

and think of the life and death of André Lafon, and so, tonight, although I knew him not, I tell a bead for him.

Another writer, the romance of whose career seemed no less in his gift than in his life, was Alain-Fournier. Henri Alain-Fournier leapt into being (from a literary point of view) in 1913 with a strange romantic little novel, "*Le Grand Meaulnes*," not of our time in the least, though without any affectation of archaism. It appears related far more nearly to George Sand's "*Petite Fadette*," or to Gérard de Nerval's "*Sylvie*," than to any Twentieth Century production; and I think the closest we can get to it in our own times would be one of the more poetical of Hardy's Wessex novels, before he fell into the tragic pessimism of "*Tess*" or "*Jude*." The poetry, the fantasy, are all in the author's imagination; for what, I ask you, could be less romantic than the setting of his tale—a Training College for Primary Education (or rather a large village Board-School with a class reserved in this intention), even though it be situate in the very heart of Berry? And yet over every page of "*Le Grand Meaulnes*" there slips and trembles the light that never was on sea or land. The heroes are two lads of fifteen and seventeen; and rarely has any author rendered more delicately the prestige of the big boy for the little boy, and the chivalrous half-mystic hero-worship in which he walks enveloped. More than once we think of Steerforth and of David Copperfield. In this novel (as in Thomas Hardy's) the mystery, the beauty, the wonderfulness of the everyday world transfigure the homely story, which is merely that of a school boy of seventeen who runs away from school, who misses his way and gets caught up in the whirl of a large country wedding at a quaint half-ruined manor-house whose name he does not



know. Never again can he find that manor or that beautiful girl, who was the bridegroom's sister, with whom he has fallen in love. And at last his boy friend finds her for him; and the capricious, fascinating Meaulnes returns, marries his longed-for love, and deserts her on the morrow, leaving her, for all companionship and consolation, the adoring devotion of his humble friend, who tells the story.

Something in the atmosphere of this book constantly recalls Madame Audoux's "*Marie-Claire*." Of course I know one swallow does not make a summer, but two are at least a presumption of mild weather (and indeed do not the Persians say: One rose is Spring?); so, putting one and one together, and comparing them with the country novels of Charles-Louis Philippe, I thought, when I read "*Le Grand Meaulnes*," that we were on the eve of a revival of the pastoral novel. There has always been a pastoral novel in France, because it is an agricultural country; when I came to live there eight-and-twenty years ago there was a pastoral novel of sorts, with Zola's "*La Terre*" and Maupassant's *Tales* for its masterpieces, but how glum and coarse and ungracious! How unlike the French country as it appears to the dwellers therein! Anyone could guess that Zola and Maupassant were men-of-letters in Paris. But with Alain-Fournier, and Marguerite Audoux, with Emile Guillaumin following rather lumpishly and prosaically in their wake (as Jasmin Delouche accompanied Seurel and le Grand Meaulnes), I foresaw a different revival, a novel of the pastoral center of France, as poetical as René Bazin, but nearer to the humble facts of life, full of delicate loveliness, and yet quite free from conventions, disguising nothing.

And then the war broke out. Henri Alain-Fournier set out for Lorraine, a Lieutenant in the Reserve; on August

22, 1914, he was reported missing. For many months, for nearly a year, the hope that dazzles so many tearful eyes—the hope that he was retained by the Germans a prisoner in the invaded provinces, from which no communication is allowed with France—sustained his family and friends and that portion of the public who, like myself, watched his career with sympathy. And then one day last summer I heard the sad story.

A young lieutenant, fresh from the Polytechnique, the son of one of my friends, fell in with Alain-Fournier during that month of victory and retreat on the frontier of Lorraine. The two young men, no less ardent in their intellectual energy than in their military theories, recognized each other as kindred spirits; with a third (a young pastor, I think, or the son of a Protestant pastor) they used to meet o' nights, their day's work done, in a broken-down military motor-car, wrecked by the side of the road. I like to think of the three young officers, in those August nights—the immense French camp asleep all round them—as they sat till the dawn broke, like gypsies in their van, eagerly talking "*de omni re scibili*." In the daytime they generally saw little of each other; but, on August 22, one of the two others, marching to the front, met Alain-Fournier and his men going in a contrary direction. "Ordered to the rear! (he called out); no luck! Au revoir!" and he passed on. It chanced that that day's engagement was a particularly murderous one, but the two friends when they met at night felt no anxiety about the third of their accustomed party, deeming him safe. And yet, when the dead were counted and buried, there was one figure, the head bashed in, whose limbs and hands had so great a resemblance with their friend that the young men felt a chill presentiment. They looked for the badge of identity; a wicked bayonet

thrust had purposely driven it into the breast. So haunting was their surmise that they cut it out; and the number on the battered, bloodstained plaque, which they could but uncertainly decipher, appeared to be the number of their friend. The rest is silence. Alain-Fournier has "disappeared."

The saddest fate of all, I think, was Emile Nolly's—to die so slowly and so painfully of his wounds, in hospital, while the fight in which he longed to join was raging, still undecided. No man had welcomed the war with greater enthusiasm than Captain Détanger. I was not in Paris on that August morning when he left for Lorraine, eager (he said) "to water his horse in the Rhine." But I had bidden him good speed a few years ago, when he set out for Morocco. Shall I ever forget the transfiguration of that moody, noble, saturnine face? or the gleam in the great light-gray eyes, so often sad, or even morose, and now lit with a wild joy? or the tall lithe figure striding feverishly up and down my little drawing room while, in a torrent of eloquence, the Captain tried to explain to my languid feminine imagination (which could only look on, and listen, and gasp in amazement) "*la joie du combat!*" That campaign in Morocco brought him chiefly fatigue and disappointment, since he and his black troops had little fighting to do, and were chiefly employed in conveying from sandy desert to sandy desert the provisions and munitions needed on the front. It brought him also, however, the material for a fine book—a fine, bitter, disenchanting, weary yet energetic book, eminently characteristic of its writer—"*Gens de Guerre au Maroc.*"

One of his three fine books! It was not those, however, which brought him the celebrity, almost the fame, on which he was entering when he fell in

battle. The ardent soul of Détanger had thrown his talent overboard, as a wandering apostle might fling from his wallet some useless bauble and go on unencumbered save by his staff and scrip. His last two books, the famous ones—"Le Chemin de la Victoire" and "Le Conquérant"—have indeed little literary grace and no sort of style; they are like those varnished Images d'Epinal in cut-out colored paper which bring to the humblest cottage a sort of symbol of the wars of Napoleon, of the glories of Turenne; or, again, like the Stations of the Cross in some wayside church. They preach a truth so august, and in the author's eyes so necessary to salvation, that art is of little consequence, the one thing needful being to make the meaning plain. That meaning was the same in each: the saving grace of the Army, and the glorious fact that any young ne'er-do-well, any weak dilettante creature even, so he be brave and willing to consent to discipline, may find a personal salvation there, while building a bulwark of glory round his country.

I never really ventured to tell Emile Nolly what I thought of those books, so I said nothing about them—a language which he perfectly understood and accepted with that grim, not untender smile of his. No one better than he knew the charm of art and romance. And I imagine he felt a certain fierce pleasure in flinging all that to the winds, in order, as he thought, to be more useful, reach a wider public, and influence it with the directness of a popular sermon. What use, after all, was there in his two stories of Indo-China, or in "*Gens de Guerre au Maroc*"? They were inclined, if anything, to inspire a morbid pessimism. On the whole, it is the first of his novels which I shall most often re-read—"Hiên le Maboul," a book so poignant, clear and mild in its sadness, that it haunts our imagination for

years after the last page is closed. No one, perhaps, has so well expressed the peculiar beauty of Tonquin. When, after Egypt, Aden, Ceylon, the Frenchman reaches the Delta, his first instinctive expectation is of something stranger still; are we not here at the end of the world?

But what is this gray land where the silvery winter sunshine floats veiled by an imperceptible haze? Is it Brittany? Or a misty March day in the *Landes*, when the sun shines? And see, that ruined tower set on the round breast of a hill, with the far-off scaurs and peaks in the background—is it Auvergne? Nor, in the character of the conquered people, does there appear at first the difference that separates the Frenchman from the solemn Arab or the barbarous Kanak; the Annamite, with his wide intelligence, his keen and quizzical wit, his love of hearth and home, his respect for tradition and his religious indifference, appears at once a man and a brother. A certain aloofness adds to his charm. Such was the new and yet half-familiar world with which Emile Nolly made us acquainted. "Hiên le Maboul" is a yellow brother of Loti's "Mon frère Yves."

And yet, on reopening the charming book (so appealing in its tender hopelessness, its elegant sobriety), I find, even here, the Pragmatist apostle who wrote Nolly's later works! For what is the nexus of the novel? It is surely the despair of the young French Lieutenant when he finds himself impotent to save the native *tirailleur*, who, in an hour of moral anguish, comes to ask his infallible superior "les paroles qui guérissent." Alas, with all his science, the "Ancestor with the two stripes" does not know the words that save; his philosophy affords him nothing but idle formulas void of faith and healing. And thenceforth his whole system of civilization seems to him wanting and inefficacious. For Hiên goes out in

The Quarterly Review.

silence and hangs himself on a banyan-tree.

Since then Nolly had learned the words that save. He was, I think, no ardent Catholic, like Psichari or Péguy; but his faith in the destinies of human society, his conviction that the army of France is indeed a Salvation-army, not only for Frenchmen, but for his dear Senegalese, for black, red and yellow—every shade of skin or soul—gave him the persuasiveness of the men of Napoleon's army. And he went out into the highways and the byways and compelled them to come in.

And now these young men—so much younger than I who sit by my lonely fire and remember them—these young men with a future, as it seemed, are all dead for their country and for the faith that was in them. Their bodies lie in wayside tombs, or in the middle of the fields, with a rough cross over them and a name traced in ink that the autumn rains efface. And that name, which was beginning to shine in the literary record of their nation, that name which they looked to burnish in the course of the next thirty years, can now receive no further lustre. From the personal, individualist, point of view, their fame is sacrificed, even as their lives are sacrificed. They are mulcted in their works, as in their race for, among them all, only Péguy, I think, was a father. And, so far as they knew, their immense suffering and sacrifice was in vain, since their country is not yet delivered and redeemed. They lie, perhaps, among those dreadful heaps which the shell at once agglomerates and scatters, and from which all individual difference is wiped out. So many of them! these five are but a sign and a sample! But we who remain and remember—may we persist, and endure; may we bring, and lay on their tombs the flags of that victory for which they paid the price the day they fell in battle.

Mary Duclaux.

## BARBARA LYNN.

BY EMILY JENKINSON.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE SPELL OF THUNDERGAY.

The winter was one of storms. They rose suddenly towards evening, and continued intermittently throughout the night, with long, strange pauses between each, until the dawn of the next morning, when the sun got up amid bars of yellow and purple cloud. But the glory of sunrise was brief. The days were cold, short, and gray, and when darkness fell the wind howled as though nature were in a fury bordering upon madness. The silences, too, which fell so suddenly, when the storm was at its highest, seemed to indicate periods of exhaustion, like those which follow upon the unbridled passions of human beings.

In the bleak and solitary dale, where the farm of Greystones stood, there was little light till noon, for the mountain-wall surrounding it kept out the rays of the sun; and Thundergay, at its head, poured a current of raw air into the hollow filling it with mist, through which the wild geese called mournfully, and the sheep wandered, too depressed to bleat, but seeking always for sustenance among the loose rocks and beds of scree. Once a day their scanty meal was supplemented by a feast of holly twigs which Barbara or the hind cut for them. They knew the time by instinct, and, half an hour before, might be seen traveling along the dale from all directions, and gathering round the thicket where the hollies grew.

This winter Mistress Annas Lynn began to feel the cold, and another woolen rug was put on the bed. She spent most of the day in keeping herself warm, and her usual occupation of knitting ceased. She did not sleep much, and often Barbara would tip-toe to the bedside to see if her great-grand-

mother were awake, and would find the bright eyes open, and raised to her face in an instant, with a keen searching look. But she spoke little, and appeared to find plenty of interest in her own thoughts. Strange thoughts they must have been, which passed through a mind so strong, individual, and so old.

But at night when the door was shut, the curtains drawn, the fire bright, she would sit up in bed and talk of the days long past, and times that were rude, but full of a spirit that kept the brain alive and made the flesh glow.

When she was young, men and women lived upon the strong meat of exertion and adventure. She said that they were giants compared to their sons and daughters, who could not digest anything more solid than pap. The old woman had a great contempt for the rising generation that she saw around her. She flung many a gibe at them, when they gathered in the kitchen, as they sometimes did of a winter evening, to hear her recount stories that made their hair stand on end and their flesh creep.

But in the midst of her quips and quiddities, she would sometimes break off to talk of Barbara. As her own energies began to fail, she drew vitality from the robust nature of her great-granddaughter. The girl was true kin to the strenuous souls of old. She had in her veins the blood of shepherd princes, her spirit was the spirit of kings—stern perhaps, silent perhaps, but tempered as steel, unflinching before lightning flash, or whirlwind, ready as her forefathers had been to face the moss-troopers should they ever come again to rob the sheep-fold. But Barbara was born three generations too late. She was like an eagle with

clipped wings, and had never a chance to show the mettle of her make.

Sometimes Barbara was present at these story-tellings. She would sit with her cheek resting on her hand, watching the flames, and seeing in them pictures which her great-grandmother's words painted. She, too, often longed for a life of adventure. Now that she had cut herself off from her books and intercourse with Peter—she saw him as little as was compatible with their relationship—now that she had clipped her own wings, she found life stale, lacking in all enterprise and interest.

She would not allow herself to meditate upon the past. She swept her mind clear of it, no regrets, no longings, no phantoms or shadows must find a lodging there. But an individuality such as hers could not become thus permanently dwarfed. She might clip her own wings, but they would grow again, and bear her upwards to cleave other air, and find other climes than those to which she had been borne away in the past.

Through the gray winter days and the wild winter nights, she flung a part of herself to the winds, and as it fluttered upon the blast like an autumn leaf, she thought of the trees in Cringel Forest, and pitied their nakedness. But they would grow green again, and spread their glory to the summer. So, perhaps for her, there would come a renewal, and her soul would blossom like the may—nay—not like the may, sweet and beautiful as it was, but like the corn of wheat, which unless it fall into the ground and die, cannot bring forth fruit. She felt compassionate towards the wheat which went so patiently into the tomb, and came forth, like a shriven almoner of old, to give itself without reserve to the service of others.

Often when the wind shrieked about the old house, and the sycamores groaned under the lash, Mistress Lynn

would listen with eager ears for the sound of Barbara's footsteps on the threshold. She knew by instinct, and understood by experience, that her great-granddaughter was going through some travail of soul. But she said nothing, only watched and waited, noting with her keen old brain the change of Barbara from a dreamy girl to a woman, whose will was becoming fixed in an inflexible mould, and whose mind was changing to something more mature but less comprehensible. As the winter deepened, the change grew more marked. Often in the pauses of the storm Barbara would enter with a slight smile, and a look as though she had been talking with some one, and was still full of that which she had heard.

"Where hast been?" the old woman would ask her.

"At Ketel's Parlor."

"Alone?"

Barbara laughed, and there was a new inflection in her voice.

"I'm never alone. I have the sheep and the heather and the birds. Besides, there's Thundergay. Thundergay is father and brother and sister and lover all in one. You know that great-granny. You sent me to Thundergay when I was only a bairn, and you said he'd teach me the way we Lynns must walk in the world. Thundergay has opened his heart to me, and I'm never lonely with him."

At other times, in the midst of the battering of the wind, the girl would come in, her eyes shining, and her hair in wild disorder. She would go about her work with an energy never seen before in her movements. The hinds and Jess looked afraid of her, and kept their eyes fixed on their work.

Lucy was surprised, she wondered what had come over her sister. But the old woman said never a word to enlighten her. She was seeing, as it were, a picture of herself eighty years ago.



Lucy did not often get speech with her sister at this time. Since the night at Ketel's Parlor, when she had gone back to the millhouse instead of fulfilling her plan of going to see Joel at the Shepherd's Rest, they had never opened their lips upon the subject. Lucy felt aggrieved, though why she hardly knew. She had expected to have Barbara's constant sympathy after she had bent to her wishes; she had relied upon having a strong arm to uphold her in the path in which she had agreed to walk. Instead she was left to herself: she had to pick her own way without encouragement and without pity for her sufferings.

She thought Barbara cold and without understanding. Lucy was miserable. She was miserable because she was half-hearted; she still hankered after forbidden things, instead of turning away from them, and determining to draw out of her duty sustenance to enable her to fulfil it.

Peter, too, seemed to be preoccupied and weary. He was smitten by the blight of failure, by remorse, and stirred to a most righteous anger. "You have cast an Evil Eye on Barbara," said his self-condemning spirit. Reason murmured against the assertion; conscious of his integrity he would not be condemned unheard. Fate had laid a snare, covering it with pleasant things, so that he had stepped in without warning. "You sat down in the Siege Perilous, who were not strong enough to fill it," said the same condemning self, "and now you are learning what the consequences are."

But Peter saw one thing clearly and it was this: he must go away, and take Lucy with him. He dared not leave her behind; for he was under no misconception about the attitude of Joel towards himself or his wife. Then, amid other scenes, he would beg her to help him, as he would help her, to bring order and happiness out of the dis-

order of their lives. Barbara he could not aid, save by going away.

Barbara was working out her own salvation. As in all severe discipline of either body or soul, some of the grace of her nature was sacrificed to the attainment of strength. A stern light began to shine in the soft eyes, and made their expression difficult to fathom. Folk with mean spirits could no longer sustain their gaze with equanimity. She was not so silent as she used to be, but her words were more enigmatical, and seemed to spring from a current of thought flowing deeper than ordinary mortals could probe. Like an underground river, it passed through scenes of wonder and mystery that would have astonished them beyond measure could they have followed its course.

Barbara had diverted the flow of her passion for Peter out of the usual channels in which such feelings run. Had she been free to love him in the way that men and women are meant to love, she would have become the most devoted of creatures, excelling others by a greater degree of intensity in her affection, and not by an unique difference in its nature. As a wife and mother she would have been calm, self-sacrificing, supremely happy, viewing the larger world with a placid generosity, the overflow of her own abundance.

But in this direction her love could not flow. And as a subverted river will change the face of the country through which it runs, so her nature was changed.

She loved Peter still, not passionately, but none the less strongly; not despairingly, for she hoped for nothing; not with reservation, for no human barrier blocked the way; neither sorrowfully, nor ashamed. All that can be said is that she loved him as a human being, who has shaken off the flesh and all its bonds, might love one who is still under its dominion.

The intensity of her love quickened the manifold energies of her nature. As a wife and mother she would have awakened to a realization of the riches of life's common things. Now that she must turn away from so well-trodden a path, she came into a world none the less real, none the less stirring with forces both spiritual and material, though undemonstrated to the ordinary mind and eye of man.

Life is seen through many windows. As time passes new ones are opened, and old ones blocked up, sometimes by our own hands, often by the hands of others. Barbara had deliberately shuttered one of her windows when she burned her books; but now a new one was to be opened for her. The revelation came suddenly. The mountain Thundergay, the beloved nurse of her youth, and her well-tried companion, drew back the curtains, and she looked out, at first with blinking eyelids as though unaccustomed to the strange light. What did she see? A wonderful world, a land of mystery, a country inhabited by immortals.

Nature was no longer dumb. It spoke to her in a language that she could understand. It took the place of her books, and human friends; it came into the circle of her love—that love which surrounded Peter with so white a light, and emanated from her in never dimming radiance.

She felt herself to be a part of a great order. There was a bond between the golden clouds of dawn and herself, between the winds and her. She had a common bond, too, with all living things, sheep, birds, and also the foxes and the ravens. All were in their place, and she was in her place. This gave to her life a sense of repose.

But such a sense of security alone could not have built up the character of Barbara Lynn. Mere freedom from fear is a negative quality, unless the emancipated soul makes use of its

privileges to flow out in search of worthier objects to stimulate its energies.

Had Barbara been placed in the midst of a crowded city, to humanity she would have turned and would have spent her life in its service. But none required her at High Fold: there was no one upon whom she could bestow the riches of her nature save her great-grandmother, who desired and asked for little. So to Thundergay she turned, to its dales and steepes, its fountains and ravines. She drew inspiration to be strong from its strength, and power to suffer from its endurance. She subjected her body to severe discipline so that no crag defied her, while cold and discomfort counted for naught.

Only by such physical and mental training could she steel herself to bear her sorrow without flagging steps. Some day a command might come to her to climb higher, and she desired to be ready, prepared in her threefold nature of body, soul, and spirit.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE CALL.

"Good-bye, Lucy," said Peter. He was standing at the mill-house door, while a man held his horse at the gate. "I wish you hadn't changed your mind," he continued, "and were coming with me. I thought that we were going to have a jolly time together. Won't you come? Are you sure you don't care to come? There's still time."

It was early morning, although darkness and night vapors hung among the trees on the other side of the beck, and the village had not yet awakened to the day's work. Lucy listened to the rushing of the water and shivered.

"How like a man," she exclaimed. "Still time when your horse is ready saddled, and I haven't even a petticoat packed. No, no, I'd rather stay at home, thank you. But I hope you'll have a pleasant journey."

"I'm awfully loath to leave you," he said.

"Why? I shall not run away. I'll be waiting for you on the doorstep when you come home, ever so pleased to see you. They say absence makes the heart grow fonder, you know. There, don't look so gloomy. You make me wish I'd never said I'd go with you; for then you wouldn't have been disappointed."

"If you'd only say yes now, Lucy, you could make shift to do without the petticoats. I'd buy you new ones when we got to London. Put on your bonnet and cloak, there's a bonny wife, and come away."

"Are you afraid I'll vanish?"

"I've never left you alone before. I don't like leaving you here. The mill-house is a dreary place when you've nothing to listen to but the sound of running water. Will you go up to Greystones?"

"And be scolded all day long by great-granny! Well, if it will set your mind at rest I'll go. But don't worry about me."

He was silent for a moment.

"Good-bye, Peter," said Lucy, "it's too cold to stand here any longer. Good-bye."

He hesitated, seemed as though he would say something more, then turned to go down the path, but she called him back.

"Here, lad," she said, "give me another kiss. Don't stay away too long; I'll be counting the days till you come back."

When he had ridden off, in spite of her assertion that it was too cold to stand on the doorstep, she did not enter the house at once, but stood staring along the dark village street down which he had disappeared. Her eyes seemed to entreat him to return, but she controlled her impulse to call him back. Again she shivered. The sense of protection which her husband's

presence always gave her, was withdrawn. Yet what had she to fear? The sound of the rushing beck was melancholy.

She withdrew hastily and shut the door. A bright fire was burning in the parlor, and the remains of breakfast lay on the table. She sat down in Peter's chair, and looked at a little heap of bread which his restless fingers had crumbled. She knew that he would not have left her just now if he could have helped it, and she guessed the reason. A flush mounted to her brow as she thought that he did not trust her, his wife. He need have no qualms. She had only seen Joel Hart once since his return; she had had nothing to do with the fierce wrestling at the Shepherds' Meet. Since then she had walked as prudently as any demure matron could do. What could he suspect? What right had he to suspect anything? Yet the knowledge that he did not trust her stung.

She wished, now, that she had gone with him as she had at first promised. Why had she not gone? She had tried to persuade herself that she could not endure the long ride over the pack-horse track; then the cold, uncomfortable journey in a crowded coach; and lastly a strange lodging in a strange city where she knew no one. If it had been the summer time she would not have hesitated for a moment. She had wanted all her life to see London—the Tower, St. James's, Westminster. Peter had promised to take her, but something had always come in the way to prevent him. It was too aggravating that he should have chosen this time to go, when the snow might fall any day, making traveling not only disagreeable but dangerous.

A week ago, Peter had told her that the friend, who had offered him the post in India, had written about an opening in London; and that if he thought it would suit him, he must come

up at once to meet certain influential gentlemen who were deliberating upon it.

Lucy had shilly-shallied, saying first that she would go too, then that she would not go, and again that she would. The reason which lay at the back of her indecision was the hope of meeting Joel. She had heard that he meant to go away as soon as he was well enough and she wanted, at least, to bid him good-bye.

For some unaccountable reason, she now felt afraid, and would have given—what would she not have given?—to hear the sound of hoofs in the street and then her husband's voice at the door. The room was still full of the impression of his presence, though he had gone. His slippers by the fire; his book on the sill, with the marker in it which she had worked for him before they were married; the bright walls; the cushions and hangings, the pictures—all the pretty things with which he had surrounded her, rose up like witnesses to plead for him and condemn her.

How she wished that Joel had not written the letter which had upset her peace of mind! She wished that he had never come back to Forest Hall, looking handsomer than ever. Peter and she might then have found happiness. She thought, when she married him, that she loved him truly. So she did, but she did not love him best. Why could she not love him best?

If Joel were to call her now would she spring to meet him, and claim him as her soul's true mate? A numbness crept over her. Was it of this she felt apprehensive—the coming of a call—and that she would not be strong enough to resist?

She longed for her husband's return, yet she feared him. She was afraid of Joel, yet she loved him. She wondered whether there was another woman in the world in such sore straits as she.

Tears did not relieve her; they only spoiled the color of her cheeks, made her eyes red, and her head ache. So she dried them and looked up. Daylight was streaming through the window and turning the lamp's flame to a sickly yellow hue that paled and dwindled, like the changeling children who are said to dwindle in the cradle when morning dawns. There was something so unpleasant and unwholesome in its light that Lucy rose and turned it out. Then she called the servant-lass to come and clear away the breakfast dishes.

She wandered in and out from parlor to kitchen, and kitchen to parlor. She lifted up first this thing, then that; started to mend her frills, but pricked her finger and tossed the work aside; took up a book but dropped it listlessly; sat first in one chair, then in another; and at last sank down on a three-legged stool before the hearth.

The hours dragged. She glanced out, but the prospect was not inviting. Bare and brown stood the trees; the beek rushed along as brown as they; the road in Cringel Forest would be inches deep in mud; not a bird chirruped. She wondered if she should go up to Greystones. She had promised Peter that she would go, yet why should she? She liked her own home best. She preferred its present dreariness to her great-grandmother's tongue. Besides, up there, every movement would be watched and criticised. And she might—she did not think it likely—still she might want to go out without being asked where she was going.

This was the day that the Need Fire was to be lit in Boar Dale. Lucy had no wish to come into the midst of a bellowing herd of cattle, so she found in it another reason for deferring her visit.

Towards noon a lad knocked at the door and left a small package for her. She untied it with trembling fingers, for she knew that it was from Joel.

Out of it fell a little lump of gold, and a note asking her for the sake of old times to come over the Robbers' Rake to see him. He gave no reasons, but she was not surprised. He had been ill; he was not yet well enough to return to Forest Hall, and he had been longing to see her, as she to see him. Perhaps he knew that Peter was away, and that it would be easier for them to meet now than ever again.

She dropped the gold and the scrap of paper as though they had been red-hot cinders, and stood looking at them as if she expected them to speak. And they did speak. No tongue could have been more eloquent than that little bit of metal, no voice more full of entreaty than the scrawled characters of Joel's handwriting. They were urgent. With them she could not expostulate, excuse herself, or maintain a virtuous reserve.

Her dead hopes, dreams, promises came again to life and seemed to stand about her, looking into her face with blinkless eyes. They entreated her, for old sake's sake, to grant his wish.

She knit her brows in perplexity. Should she go? Would it be wise to go? Why should she not go? Wherein lay the unwisdom? She wanted to see Joel for the last time, to tell him that they must never meet again; that he must forget her, as she would endeavor to forget him. He need not leave High Fold in order to escape her; for she and Peter were going away; but he must not follow or attempt to renew their friendship. So plausible, so self-controlled, so wise appeared her reasons to her own mind that she could find no serious objection to complying with his request.

She forgot, or would not allow herself to remember, that this was the call which she had feared. But a thing far off looks so different to the same thing at hand that she did not recognize them as one and the same.

Musing thus, and undecided still, with her eyes flitting about the room as though in fear of seeing something which would turn her from the purpose she wanted to form, it seemed to her that she saw the gray-clad figures of the miller and his wife come in at the door and sit down in their vacant chairs. They did not look at her, they were but shadows, but Lucy fled. She was afraid of Peter's dead father and mother. They had loved him so, his honor was their honor, and they had died heart-broken thinking her unworthy to be his wife. She had bitterly resented their reproachful eyes, she bitterly resented that they should cross her vision now, as though they had come to guard their son's good name when he was away.

Lucy put on her cloak and went out.

In order to escape any undesirable questions or inquisitive eyes she did not follow the road through the forest, but took one of the innumerable paths that led along the fells, opposite to Greystones, on the other side of the beck.

Heavy clouds, that were purple underneath, but stained with a murky brown along their upper edges, lay motionless upon the higher hills, leveling their rugged peaks as with a knife. No gleam of sunlight or patch of blue lit the savage landscape. It was made of iron and bronze, a hard menacing corner of the world, whose scars and gashes, dealt by an earlier age, kindly Time had not yet managed to rub out or smooth into pleasant lines. The weather had been fine for several days, and a high wind had dried the dead bracken and bent grass, but there was every appearance of coming rain.

From a field in the bottom of the dale, near Greystones, smoke was rolling as though a subterranean fire had broken through the earth's crust, and begun to belch forth its pent up energies in fountains of acrid vapor.



Now and then a red tongue leaped among it, only to be smothered by a denser cloud.

The Need Fire\* was an ancient institution to which the dalesfolk had formerly resorted in times of disaster. All the household fires were extinguished and it was lit by rubbing together two pieces of wood, which had never been inside a human habitation. Peter had smiled when he had heard that it was to be lighted in Boar Dale, and passed on from farm to farm through that district. But Timothy Hadwin believed in it, and Barbara was strongly in its favor.

Lucy looked down as she hurried along.

A loud bellowing and bleating rose from the field. Little could be seen for the drifting smoke, but she thought of Barbara in the midst of it, helping to drive through the cattle, blackened—she did not doubt—by fire, bleary-eyed, probably, with its stinging vapor, but in her proper element. Barbara had been born into her true sphere—the bleak mountains, the gray crags, the eagle, beating its wings as it were against the overhanging clouds, were her fitting companions. But she, Lucy, had never been at her ease with them. She had always felt forlorn in this land of the dales and fells. It was not her spirit's country, although her native land. Perhaps London would be more to her mind.

She had not gone far when her thoughts came back with a start to the object of her journey over the fells. The color left her face and her eyes were filled with alarm. The temporary wandering of her mind, though it had only been for a moment, had again unsettled her. She hesitated, wondered whether to go or return. Her heart was tossed about like drift-weed upon unquiet waters. She felt that she was out upon a stormy sea. If she retreated, would she regret her action when she got back again into the safe harbor? She was afraid to go on, for she did not know with what sunken perils the way was strewn.

She came to the end of the sheep-track, where it joined the Robber's Rake on the far side of the tarn from Ketel's Parlor. She halted by a post that pointed the way, when the ground lay covered with snow. She looked up and down. Just as the signpost pointed in two directions, so her mind was drawn in two directions. To go one way was right, to go the other wrong. But which was right and which wrong? First she decided this, then that, but as hastily reversed her ideas again. She arranged them to suit her wishes, or her sense of justice, or expediency. She could not decide.

She walked on a little further.

Then she saw a figure rise up from a rock upon which it had been sitting, and come to meet her. It was Joel.

*(To be continued.)*

## PRACTICAL PURPOSE IN SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.S.A.R.

Recent events have directed attention to several unsuspected national deficiencies, not the least important of which is the dependence of this country

upon German products of industries founded upon scientific research. Nineteenths of the dyestuffs used in our great textile trades have been imported from Germany; drugs and other fine chemicals, many of which are essential in the laboratory and to the physician,

\*The last "Need Fire" was set going near Kendal in 1840. At Crosthwaite its "smoke" was in the Kirk Lane on Sunday, November 15th of that year.

have increased fabulously in price since the foreign supply was cut off; and the famous optical glass used in the construction of the best field-glasses and microscopes has been unobtainable. Some of these products are now being manufactured successfully here; and it is to be hoped that we shall never again let our industries be controlled by foreign imports. We have the knowledge, we have the capital, and we have the men; and the position in which we found ourselves at the commencement of the war was due largely to the indifference shown by manufacturers to scientific work and the neglect of the organization of research by the State.

Scientific investigations carried on with the single purpose of acquiring new knowledge often lead to results of great practical value. Such applications are, however, only incidental, and in the world of science they provide no test of the importance of the work done. The practical man judges scientific research from the point of view of its direct service to humanity, or that of money-making capacity; and he considers that people who devote their lives to studies having neither of these profitable objects in mind, are wasting their time and abusing their intellectual faculties.

It comes as a surprise to most men to be told that in scientific circles usefulness is never adopted as the standard of value; and that, even if not a single practical result is reached by an investigation, the work is worth doing if it enlarges knowledge or increases our outlook upon the universe. This proposition, of course, leaves the practical man cold; yet it is all that science desires to offer in justification of its activities. While the discovery of truth remains its single aim, science is free to pursue inquiries in whatever direction it pleases; but when it permits itself to be dominated by the spirit of productive

application, it will become merely the galley-slave of short-sighted commerce. Almost all the investigations upon which modern industry has been built would have been crushed at the outset if immediate practical value had determined what work should be undertaken. Science brings back new seeds from the regions it explores, and they seem to be nothing but trivial curiosities to the people who look for profit from research, yet from these seeds come the mighty trees under which civilized man has his tent, while from the fruit he gains comfort and riches.

Industrial research is concerned not with the discovery of truth, but with the production of something which will be of direct service to man, and from which pecuniary profit may be secured. It is the province of the inventor rather than that of the man of science. Such research and that carried on with no ulterior motive are complementary to one another. Science has done its part when it has made a new discovery; constructive engineering renders good service when it shows how the discovery may be chained to the chariot of industrial advance. To foresee the possibilities of a discovery, to transform a laboratory experiment into the mechanical plant of a large works, or to apply it to the needs of ordinary life, require aptitudes not commonly possessed by the scientific investigator. The engineer usually has such practical purposes in mind; discoveries are to him things to be used and not ends in themselves, as they are to the man of science. He seeks not so much to know Nature as to circumvent her; and the research which he undertakes or organizes has for its objects the artificial preparation of substances which are naturally rare, the production of a new process or the improvement of an old, the design of machines which will increase his power over her, and of instruments which will enable him to

laugh at limitations of time and space.

Research is necessary for these advances, but the spirit in which it is carried on is essentially different from that of the scientific worker. The engineer and inventor first of all perceives a need and then endeavors to devise a means of meeting it. If he is of a scientific type of mind he will make an accurate analysis of the conditions to be fulfilled, and then design his machine or instrument to fulfil them; but the usual way is to find practically what will perform the required functions, and to leave experience or scientific knowledge to indicate how improvements may be effected.

Thomas A. Edison is the embodiment of the method of specialized research with a practical purpose. By quickness of perception, fertility of resource, and persistent trial of everything until the best means of achieving his end has been found he has become the leading inventor in the world. When he was endeavoring to find the best material to use for the filament of the incandescent electric lamp he dispatched agents to search through China and Japan, to explore the American continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and to seek in India, Ceylon, and the neighboring countries for a vegetable fibre which could be carbonized most efficiently; and he finally used a strip of carbonized bamboo for the filament. He invented the phonograph in 1877, and from the rough instrument then devised developed the perfect means of recording and reproducing sound represented in the modern form of talking machines. He constructed new forms of transmitter and receiver of telephones, and from his fertile brain have come a system of multiple telegraphy, new methods of treating ores, and a thousand other agents for the service and pleasure of man. He was not the first to photograph and combine a series of moving pictures, but he was the inventor of the

kinematograph by which this is now effectively accomplished.

To the engineer the fascination of experimental research lies, as Cap'n Cuttle would observe, "in the application thereof." He seeks to know, not from the pleasure to be derived from the acquisition of knowledge, but in order to bring that knowledge to bear upon every-day problems of life, labor, and economy. It must not be supposed that this spirit is necessarily foreign to the man of science. Robert Boyle, one of the most active originators of the Royal Society, refers particularly to practical uses of the researches undertaken by himself and other pioneers of the experimental method of investigation in England. Writing in 1646, he alludes to his studies in "natural philosophy, the mechanics and husbandry, according to the principles of our new philosophical college that values no knowledge, but as it hath a tendency to use."

A Chinese proverb states that he who holds the iron of the world will rule the world. This, however, is only a half truth; for China itself has probably as large deposits of iron ore as any part of the world, but it has not the scientific knowledge required to make the best use of them. The talents which that country possesses have been buried in the ground instead of being used to gain other talents. The masters of the world of iron must be those who understand best the properties of the metal, whether now or in the future. As the result of a systematic study of the effects of adding to iron a special element other than carbon, Sir Robert Hadfield produced his famous manganese-steel, which is now used for all purposes where toughness as well as hardness is required, from safes for the city to shells for the front. Ten years' persistent research upon the influence which different percentages of manganese exert upon the properties of

steel were required before that remarkable metal, manganese-steel, was discovered, and showed the way to the production of dozens of other alloys possessing qualities required in arts and industries.

It is much easier to accept things as they are than it is to inquire into them, and decide whether they are capable of improvement. Throughout the world's history, progress has been accomplished by the men who were not content to do as their forefathers did, and were continually asking, "Why?" "Wherefore?" "Is that the best way?" "Is this the best possible thing?" Lord Kelvin was a brilliant example of this type of scientific mind, ever critical of defects, alert as to practical needs, and fertile with possible improvements. His views as to the practical value of science were definite and unmistakable.

The life and soul of science is its practical application; and just as the great advances in mathematics have been made through the desire of discovering the solution of problems which were of a highly practical kind in mathematical science, so in physical science many of the greatest advances that have been made from the beginning of the world to the present time have been made in the earnest desire to turn the knowledge of the properties of matter to some purpose useful to mankind.

No matter to what branch of human activity the subject belongs, the preliminary scientific investigation undertaken with the view of understanding it fully makes the surest foundation of advance. All work which has not this basis is of the empirical trial and error, rule-of-thumb kind; it is a shot in the dark, and though the target may be hit the chances are very much against it. When science is brought to bear upon a practical problem, it first discovers exactly what has to be done, and then seeks the most efficient way of doing it.

LIVING AGE, VOL. II, No. 71.

When the practical man—particularly he who is engaged in rural pursuits—reaps any profit from science, he does so against his own convictions. The motto of the Royal Agricultural Society of England is "Practice with Science," yet how rarely do farmers show by word or deed that they realize the intimate connection between scientific investigations and agricultural arts. To the husbandman in general, science means theory, and his own experience fact; and he is as contemptuous of the one as he is confident of the other. He will pay a fancy price for a patent fertilizer, when a little scientific knowledge would show him that the same stimulating constituents could be obtained at one-third the cost, or less. He will lose hundreds of pounds on his crops or stock, by pests and diseases, without knowing anything of the nature of his enemies against whom he has to fight. He prides himself upon being a "practical man," and regards all scientific work as unpractical, though every fly that troubles him, and every fungus that infests his plants, has to be studied laboriously by biologists before any accurate knowledge of its life-history can be obtained. Whatever is known of the exact relation between cause and effect in all branches of agriculture, and whenever fact can be placed against opinion as regards diseases of animals and plants, the credit belongs to the scientific investigator, and not to the actual cultivator of the soil.

Swift, with his fine satire, made the King of Brobdingnag express to Gulliver the opinion, "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." The increase has been effected, but the men whose scientific work has led to it are mostly unknown to the politicians

and other people who benefit by it.

Before the knowledge of chemistry had sufficiently advanced to provide a basis for a theory of nutrition of the plant, all observation of the good effect of this or that substance on the crop was merely empiric and possessed no value beyond the particular case to which it referred. The science of agricultural chemistry may be said to have been founded early in the nineteenth century when Davy was appointed professor of chemical agriculture to the Board of Agriculture. In the latter part of the previous century, Priestley had shown that green plants, when exposed to bright sunlight, decompose the carbonic acid in the atmosphere into its elements carbon and oxygen, keeping the carbon for themselves and setting free the oxygen; but this fact, and De Saussure's work on plant chemistry, may be said to represent the state of scientific knowledge of the subject at the time.

Davy did not make any very substantial contributions to the science of agriculture, but he rendered valuable service by insisting upon the value of studying agricultural problems by scientific methods. He knew that the farm and not the laboratory provided the final test of the principles he expounded; and he carried out some field experiments himself.

"Nothing is more wanting in agriculture," he wrote, "than experiments in which all the circumstances are minutely and scientifically detailed. This art will advance with rapidity in proportion as it becomes exact in its method."

Twenty-five years after Davy's lectures, the great French agricultural chemist, Boussingault, published the results of detailed investigations of what may be termed the balance-sheet of plant growth; and his conclusions were adopted by the renowned German chemist, Liebig, about 1840. Liebig

took up the complicated problems of soil constitution and fertility with the practical purpose in mind of increasing its productiveness. He traced clearly the relations between the nutrition of plants and the composition of the soil; and he was the first to study carefully the mineral constituents of plants and to recognize the importance of certain substances, especially potash and phosphates.

The principle of replacing artificially the substances removed from the soil by crops was given a scientific foundation by Liebig's work, and is now followed by every progressive farmer. Knowing the nature of a soil and the needs of a plant, suitable artificial fertilizers can be applied to make up any deficiency in the main constituents required for vigorous and profitable growth. For example, a soil may be rich in humus, and in compounds of nitrogen and phosphorus, and yet be almost barren land because of deficiency in another essential constituent—potassium. Dr. Cyril Hopkins tells an impressive story of the result of applying potassic fertilizers to such land in Illinois. A man who had been farming soil of this kind came to see a demonstration field of the Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station, and brought with him his wife and children.

As he stood looking first on the corn on the treated and untreated land, and then at his wife and children, he broke down and cried like a child. Later he explained to the superintendent who was showing him the experiments that he had put the best of his life into that kind of land. "The land looked rich," he said, "as rich as any land I ever saw. I bought it and drained it and built my house on a sandy knoll. The first crops were fairly good, and we hoped for better crops, but instead they grew worse and worse. We raised what we could on a small patch of sandy land, and kept trying to find out what we could grow on this black bogus



land. Sometimes I helped the neighbors and got a little money, but my wife and I and my older children have wasted twenty years on this land. Poverty, poverty, always! How was I to know that this single substance which you call potassium was all we needed to make this land productive and valuable?"

Without the artificial supply of nitrogen to the soil, it would be practically impossible to grow sufficient wheat to supply the needs of the present inhabitants of the earth who use it for food. The nitrogen is obtained chiefly from nitrate of soda mined in Chile, but these deposits are by no means inexhaustible. Fortunately, science has come to the rescue, and nitrogenous fertilizers are now produced on a large scale from the nitrogen of the atmosphere. The chief source of potash, which greatly increases the fertility of certain soils, is immense saline deposits in the Stassfurth district of Germany. The deposits were discovered about the middle of the nineteenth century, and were at first regarded as useless, but, until the opening of the war, nearly all the potash required in the arts as well as in agriculture was obtained from them.

In addition to nitrogen and potash, most plants require phosphorous compounds or phosphates to stimulate their development and quicken their ripening. It was an English country gentleman, Sir John Bennet Lawes, who, in 1834, guided by the researches of De Saussure on vegetation, showed by experiments the value of this constituent when added to the soil, and discovered a means of producing any quantity of it. Mineral phosphates, such as apatite, are usually too insoluble to have any practical value in agriculture, but Lawes found that, if they were previously treated with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), a "super-phosphate" was produced in which the phosphates are almost entirely soluble in water, and which has a most beneficial influence upon growth upon heavy

soils, as well as upon light. The production of this fertilizer was the result of deliberate intention and practical purpose, and it has proved of the highest importance in agriculture.

About six million tons of super-phosphate are now manufactured annually, and the influence of this compound on the productiveness of the soil in civilized countries is incalculable. The farmer is no longer dependent, as he was formerly, upon bone or guano for a supply of phosphates, for the vast deposits of phosphatic rocks and minerals can be converted into a powder which enables him to restore or increase the fertility of his land in the most effective and economical manner. A dressing so small as half a hundred-weight cast over an acre has been found to double the yield of cereals in soils of South Australia; and the effect has been found equally marvelous in other places.

Lawes was thus the actual benefactor of mankind to whom Swift gave so high a place in "Gulliver's Travels." For more than fifty years he carried on agricultural experiments at Rothamsted, near Harpenden, in Hertfordshire, with Sir Henry Gilbert, who had been a pupil of Liebig's; and the work of these two men has made the Rothamsted Experiment Station renowned throughout the world. A memorial tablet in Harpenden Parish Church bears the appropriate inscription:

In affectionate memory of Sir John Bennet Lawes, Bart., F.R.S., born at Rothamsted, Dec. 28, 1814, died at Rothamsted, Aug. 31, 1900. He used his long life and his great knowledge and experience as an agricultural chemist, and as a practical scientific farmer, in the pursuit of truth, and for the benefit of his fellow-men in his own country and in all parts of the world.

Agricultural experiment stations similar to that at Rothamsted now exist in all civilized countries; they are labora-

tories of industrial or technical research in which problems are attacked with the object of ensuring the supply of man's daily bread by fighting the natural agents and forces which would deprive him of it. Thousands of chemists—mostly in Germany—are engaged in other laboratories in researches which have as their aims the definite practical purposes of increasing man's comforts or pleasures, or strengthening his power over Nature. They have by their intensive investigations produced hundred of dyes from coal-tar; they have made an artificial indigo which has taken the place of the natural dyestuff even in the home of the indigo plant—Asia, and a dyestuff, alizarine, which has similarly displaced the natural dye obtained from the madder root. Encouragement was given by Napoleon to the growth of the madder plant in France by the adoption of its red coloring matter to dye the trousers of French soldiers, but, by one of life's little ironies, the madder from plantations in France was superseded by alizarine from chemical works in Germany. Numerous other natural products have been built up from their elements by chemical technologists, mostly by systematic purposeful research having profitable commercial ends in view. We have as the result cabinets of synthetic drugs to alleviate pain and fight disease, and artificial essences which cannot be distinguished in their fragrant qualities from the scents of flowers—lilac, lily of the valley, violet and the rose.

In the extent, deliberation and organization of technical research, the lead has been taken by Germany and the United States. The intention of such research is not so much to contribute to scientific knowledge as to create new industries or develop old into higher or more productive forms. The country which neglects this pioneer branch of its industrial army cannot

maintain an important position in the struggle for existence or supremacy in commercial life. Lord Beaconsfield once said that the condition of the chemical trade of a country is a barometer of its prosperity, and King George the Fifth accentuated this remark in a speech made at the opening of a Congress of Applied Chemistry in London in 1909. His Majesty said:

I fully appreciate the important part which chemistry plays in almost every branch of our modern industry. We all recognize that without a scientific foundation no permanent superstructure can be raised. Does not experience warn us that the rule-of-thumb is dead, and that the rule of science has taken its place, that today we cannot be satisfied with the crude methods which were sufficient for our forefathers, and that those great industries which do not keep abreast of the advance of science must surely and rapidly decline.

It would be easy to give many examples of the beneficial effects of the co-operation of scientific theory with practical methods. One of the most striking illustrations is afforded by the optical trade. About 1863 the firm of Carl Zeiss, of Jena, asked Ernst Abbe to assist them in the development of the microscope by investigating the optical theory of the instrument. Abbe proved mathematically that with the glass then at the optician's disposal no great improvement in the optical parts of the microscope could be expected. Progress in the art of glass-making was necessary before any substantial advance could be made in microscopic or photographic lenses. Abbe himself, with Otto Schott, began, therefore, in 1881, to investigate the relation between the optical properties and the chemical composition of glasses. When they began their work, about six chemical elements were the constituents of glasses; and they tested by experiment

the effect of adding definite quantities of other substances, as had been done previously in a small way by Canon Vernon Harcourt in England.

What had been a rule-of-thumb industry was thus reconstructed on a scientific basis. Glasses could be produced having particular properties for microscope lenses, for photographic lenses, for thermometers, or any other special purpose. Works were established at Jena, and they now employ thousands of workmen. Germany has governed the markets of the world as regards optical glass manufacturing, and England lost an industry in which it was once pre-eminent, on account of the indifference shown by the State as well as by manufacturers to scientific theory.

This has not only been the case with glass manufacture, but also is largely true of the construction of photographic lenses. The principles of the design of such lenses were worked out by Sir John Herschel, Sir William Hamilton, and Sir George Airy, but their significance was not appreciated by practical opticians in the country of their origin, and it was left to optical experts of another nation to apply them to practical needs. Empirical methods followed by British opticians have achieved some notable successes in optical instruments, but the guidance of theory is essential for steady advance, and scientific knowledge is necessary to see any close relation between theory and practice. In originality and inventiveness, the British will compare favorably with that of any race, but its attitude to scientific theory is supercilious, and the nation suffers loss by it. If Britain does not lead in industrial development, it is not because of lack of new ideas, but on account of want of scientific insight among her manufacturers and want of faith in the ultimate value of organized industrial research.

It is commonly supposed that the marvelous development of aviation

within recent years owes nothing to scientific work; indeed, the assertion is often made—unjustly so—that men of science declared the flight of an aeroplane to be a mathematical impossibility. Aviation engineers have certainly had few scientific principles to guide them in the design of their machines, and the improvements which have been effected have been by trial-and-error methods; but the error has unfortunately involved the sacrifice of many promising lives. Artificial flight has been achieved chiefly by these empirical methods; and in the absence of exact knowledge they are the only methods available, though they are expensive and wasteful.

When Wilbur and Orville Wright commenced their experiments in artificial flight, the only exact information they could find as to the resistance of the air to machines driven at different velocities were those made by a man of science, Professor S. P. Langley. They were the pioneers of sustained flight with man-carrying aeroplanes, and they have acknowledged that their confidence in the practical solution of the problem was derived from Langley and his work.

"The knowledge that the head of the most prominent scientific institution of America believed in the possibility of human flight was one of the influences that led us to undertake the preliminary investigations that preceded our active work. He recommended to us the books which enabled us to form sane ideas at the outset. It was a helping hand at a critical time, and we shall always be grateful."

In December 1903 the Brothers Wright made the first actual flight with an aeroplane driven by a petrol motor. It is constantly stated that artificial flight would have been accomplished long before if engines light enough to drive them had been available, but that is not the case. Flights with two, three, or more passengers show that lightness

of the motor is not the only consideration, and motors with equivalent weights were available ten years before the Wrights designed their man-carrying aeroplanes. It was by following the scientific guidance of Langley, and using mechanical ingenuity to extend it, that they were able to give practical effect to the desire of man to rise above the clouds.

Though the Wrights were the first aviators to make successful flights with a heavier-than-air machine driven by its own power, little was known of their work for about two years after 1903. During this period they were engaged in perfecting their aeroplane, until, in 1905, they were able to remain in the air for half an hour and cover a distance of about twenty-four miles. They did not give a public demonstration of their achievements until 1908—two years after M. Santos Dumont had made a short public flight in France, using an aeroplane designed by him without any definite knowledge of what the Wrights had done. Since that period, the advance of dynamic flight has been rapid and marvelous; and aeroplanes of various types are now in everyday use, particularly for military purposes.

The performances of the earlier machines depended very largely upon the pilots, who had to give close attention to different controls in order to keep the planes in a condition of stability in the air. The problem of producing a machine which is automatically steady in free flight is largely mathematical, and it involves the theory of small oscillations about a state of steady motion developed by Lagrange, Kelvin, Routh, and other men of science. Definite attention has been given to the mathematical conditions which have to be satisfied to solve the problem of inherent stability, by Professor G. H. Bryan and Mr. F. W. Lanchester; and their conclusions, with the results

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

of experimental research on models at the National Physical Laboratory, chiefly by Mr. L. Baird, have led to the construction of machines like the B. E. biplane, which are almost independent of the pilot except when near the ground, where personal control must be exercised.

In describing to the House of Commons last May the Government scheme for the establishment of an Advisory Council on Industrial Research, Mr. Pease said that our successes over the enemy with heavier-than-air machines were very largely due to the investigations which led to the introduction of this biplane. He and other speakers gave many similar instances of the dependence of industrial development upon scientific investigation; and if the war impresses this relationship upon our manufacturers, the continuance of industrial prosperity is assured whatever competition the future may bring. Men of science of the Faraday type ask little more of the State than the opportunity of pursuing their researches under suitable conditions; they are the makers of new knowledge, explorers in unknown seas, and must be left to follow the paths along which their own particular guiding stars lead them. Industrial research, organized and purposeful, falls into a different category; it starts with practical problems and seeks profit from their solution instead of concerning itself with purely scientific inquiries for which no immediate application can be seen. The genius of the original investigator cannot be chained to the chariot of industry, but it can be cherished, and its products as well as national needs can be made the subject of intensive study. To the modern State adequate provision for independent scientific research as well as organized industrial inquiry is not only a duty, but also an essential factor of national existence.

THE SPIRIT OF MAN.

In a preface, grave in judgment and wise in counsel, Mr. Bridges explains the conception and aim of his anthology.\* It has been made during the war, and is for the purpose of a defense and stronghold in times of trouble. Those who are fighting for England's cause—"the fairest earthly fame, the fame of Freedom,"—may need it less than others. In action there may be rest from thought, when mind and heart are at one. But on those of us who are not soldiers the influence of the war broods like the memory of a nightmare. As Lowell wrote, "We rather seemed the dead, that stayed behind," and the trumpets may ring in our ears with but a feeble exultation. Morning after morning consciousness wakens to that memory, only to find it a condition of reality. It corrodes thought, veils the future, and has almost obliterated the past which, when it was ours, we maybe failed to recognize as the happy present. All this is a reaction against the strain of attention and anxiety, and need mean no slackening of principle or of persistency. But some remedy must be sought against inevitable moods of gloom, weariness and misgiving; some solace of the grief and bitterness of personal loss. And they can be found, as Mr. Bridges says, only by holding true to our faith in God and in goodness, only if we believe that life at length will redeem itself and that truth will prevail.

The war was not of England's making

The signs of the times cannot all be distinctly seen, nor can we read them dispassionately; but two things stand out clearly, and they are above question or debate. The first is that Prussia's scheme for the destruction of her

neighbors was long laid; . . . the second is that she will shrink from no crime that may further its execution.

How far the whole of Germany has consciously shared, and is deliberately sharing, in that responsibility we can still only surmise. What is certain is that all that gives man's life on earth graciousness, stability, love and hope has been betrayed by "the apostasy of a great people," whom we once accounted "an honest and virtuous folk." Even now the overwhelming significance of all this baffles and eludes the mind. Beneath the babel of rumor, boasting and recrimination there is an unfathomable silence; until that is broken it is vain to question.

The one supreme danger is the loss of sanity and balance. We too have "our national follies and sins." To deny or to cloak them would be cowardice, to brood over them a waste of spirit. Life for most people is not at any time material ease, life that is worthy of the name is for every man a bitter conflict. In that war of the spirit there is no truce or respite. But to learn is hard for those who are old in the world. This much mere experience may have taught us, "*Prosperity* doth best discover Vice, but *Adversity* doth best discover Virtue"; and the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Everywhere, in secret, and openly before men's eyes, that virtue, like the life of spring in the woods, is stirring.

We are still free and true at heart . . . can take hope in contrition, and in the brave endurance of sufferings . . . take joy in the thought that our country is called of God to stand for the truth of man's hope, and that it has not shrunk from the call.

To reveal that hope, to bring together every kind of witness to human constancy in face of the world's change-

\**The Spirit of Man: An Anthology in English and French from the Philosophers and Poets. Made by the Poet Laureate in 1915. Longmans. 5s net.*



ableness, to the vision that pierces its glare no less than its darkness, to earth's loveliness, and to God's all-understanding loving kindness, has been the purpose of this anthology.

It is, then, the record of the journey—an arduous one, whatever its own rewards—of “one mind at one time” through the minds and imaginations of others. Childhood and Death, Nature and Romance, Faith and Conduct, Philosophies and Humanities, Social Virtue and Freedom—over the whole of human experience it ranges, and that experience as it has been expressed in the words of the world's philosophers and poets. To follow anywhere merely the page-headings of this anthology is to taste of its delight, and to realize something, too, of the care and insight that have been put to its service; “mountain music, visionary flowers, shadow worlds, tawny trees, the Phoenix, the Charioteer, nocturnal notes, celestial light, man's heritage, childhood, the rainbow, Heaven's shadows . . .” so the legend runs. Its one impulse and implication is the belief that “spirituality is the basis and foundation of human life . . . rather than the apex or final attainment of it.” No strict logical argument is pursued—even if that had been possible it would only have obstructed the rarer influences of such a book. But there is a sequence of context, a sequence not mechanical nor obvious nor painfully elaborate, but one that wanders and returns upon itself—through a valley between the hills and the sea.

The reader, then, is “invited to bathe rather than to fish in these waters.” Only invited; he may dream on the pleasant banks awhile if he please, dip and dabble, but this book has better uses than the indulgence of an idle hour. Even if he plunges in he will soon have to return to his workaday clothes again, and he may be

disappointed to find himself very much the same manner of man that he was. “Go where thou wilt,” says one of Mr. Bridges's sages, “to Benares or to Mathura; if thy soul is a stranger to thee, the whole world is unhomely.” If, indeed, we were a tenth as wise and as beautiful as the books we have read the world would be Paradise enough, for ourselves and for our neighbors. But though these waters may not positively restore health to the sick in mind and strength to the weary in spirit, they will cleanse and revive.

This anthology, moreover, will live on in memory. The impression it leaves behind it is something other than that of the mere confused sum of its parts. Its influence is a peculiarly personal one. No venture is easier or pleasanter than that of wandering in the gardens of literature and binding together a nosegay of immortelles. Mere diligence, and a none too attentive diligence, may go far and fare richly, without venturing out of bounds. Discretion in such matters is a more prudent counselor than charity. An anthology that shows originality as well as catholicity of taste, some more vivifying motive than mere subject-matter, that aims at a certain standard of form and completeness of effect, is a rare thing. But there is a vigilance here, a certain poise and precision, deliberation, and subtlety, which prove that “*The Spirit of Man*” is the work of one mind, and that mind in the ripeness of its judgment. A more or less mechanical form has become plastic. A picture has been painted with the pigments of scores of imaginations, and lo! it is a portrait. What, then, are the qualities and the features that differentiate this from other books of its kind?

Some are clear and may seem, but cumulatively are not, trivial; some are elusive. In the first place, the titles of poems and the names of authors are

banished to an index. "It is an idle and pernicious habit to ask for information on any question before bringing one's own judgment to bear upon it." But that is not the whole of the matter. For when a magician weaves a spell it is unwise for him to interrupt it with the matter-of-fact names of his authorities. An occasional interpretation, or rather explanation, illuminates the margin, but for the most part the reader need only attentively regard what he reads "to be at perfect ease." If difficulties confront him, let him wrestle with them; if they prove insuperable, he can turn to the index for enlightenment. There is a marker in the book for this purpose, and even instruction how to use it. Help is freely given, but not indulgently. Digression into æsthetic appreciation—which sometimes enlightens and sometimes frets the reader in "The Golden Treasury"—is rare, and, whenever present, terse. Punctuation has been altered when accuracy required it. Archaic spelling has been retained in the extracts from Milton and Montaigne, and modernized in those from Spenser and Brown; while Shakespeare's watchdogs bark "Bowgh, wowgh," and his strutting chancieeler cries "Cock-a-diddle-do." These niceties—though not everyone may be of one mind about them—are neither arbitrary nor pedantic. The one aim, whether in text or notes, is to attain precision and to make obscurity clear, to lead the reader on the right track of ideas. An occasional waft of irony is no hindrance. Read, mark, learn, digest is Mr. Bridges's counsel; let no doubt or difficulty escape. His argument on the versification and on the meaning and *morale* of Chaucer's "Truth," on the style of Hobbes compared with that of Thucydides, on Emily Brontë's "Tell me, tell me, smiling child," and on the passage from Aristotle on the "Final Cause,"

show how practice may enforce precept. To cite one instance. Few lovers of poetry are unfamiliar with Keats' "Sleep and Poetry":—

Stop and consider! Life is but a day;  
A fragile dewdrop on its perilous way  
From a tree's summit; a poor Indian's  
sleep

While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep

Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan?  
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;  
The reading of an ever-changing tale;  
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;  
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;  
A laughing schoolboy, without grief or care,

Riding the spring branches of an elm. . .

But how many readers have ever paused over more than its beauty and music, or discovered the diversity of thought that underlies them?—

A good example of Keats' objective style [runs the note]. These images are of life considered first as a mere atomic movement in a general flux, then as a dream on the brink of destruction, then as a budding hope, then as an intellectual distraction, then as an ecstatic glimpse of beauty, and lastly as an instinctive pleasure.

As regards the all-important question of inclusion and the far less important, but still significant even if baffling, one of rejection, we must keep in mind Mr. Bridges's warning—he has not sought to avoid in his own work the "peculiarities and blemishes that mark any personality and any time." "He did not wish to put his honest likings"—it would be merely a gratuitous assumption to add his dislikings—"aside." His range has been an unusually wide one. There are translations from the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Persian, Russian, German, and Chinese—every one of which has been submitted to his own fastidious revision. Only the selections from French authors appear in French—another little intentional

discipline for the languid reader, but that also not without influence on the general impression of the book, especially since the greater part of these are from Amiel. Of our own poets Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Blake, Keats, and Coleridge are the chief contributors. As regards more modern writers, the book is singularly rich in the work of Dolben, R. W. Dixon, and Gerard Hopkins—and friendship needs no better tribute and loyalty—and these with the extraordinary and intensely effective passage from Lagerlof that follows, are among (in its exact sense) the most egregious craftsmen of Mr. Bridges's flock.

We thought of that inquisitive spirit of self-criticism, who had made his entry even into our inner chamber. We thought of him, with his eyes of ice, and long, bent fingers, he, who sits within in the darkest corner of the soul and tears our being to pieces, as old women shred up bits of silk and wool. . . .

There is, too, an exquisite little poem of Andrew Lang's.

Rupert Brooke is in his place with the immortals. There are some beautiful and none-too-well-known lyrics from Mr. Yeats, and, with one other example, a haunting visionary fragment from Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's "An Escape." One or two names appear that borrow, we think, more radiance from the suns around them than they themselves bestow. But it is the index that reveals all this rather than the text, and the reader's "vainly curious mind" may be at fault—though he will not think so—if in an anthology so rich and various, in beauty, wisdom and tenderness, his heart grow fond by reason of the absence of Vaughan, Campion, Patmore, and Christina Rossetti. He may accept for consolation and happy surprise Dostoevsky, Jellaludin, Tagore, Nicias, the anonymous author of Xapitezzi, and beautiful, unfamiliar extracts from the Salisbury

Antiphoner, and yet speculate on the exclusion of Browning and Mr. Hardy, and be reminded a little forlornly by one stanza from "A Hymn to God the Father" of Donne. Moreover, only one of the Poet Laureate's own poems has found a place, and that one essential to a true understanding of his book; though there are many fragments of original translation in classic metres, including "one of the finest passages in Homer" (from the Iliad XXIV, 468-551), now printed for the first time:

O God-like Achilles, thy father call to remembrance;

How he is halting as I, i' the dark'ning doorway of old age,

And desolately liveth, while all they that dwell about him

Vex him, nor hath he one from their violence to defend him;

But yet an' heareth he aught of thee, thy well-being in life,

Then he rejoiceth an' all his days are glad with a good hope

Soon to behold thee again, his son safe fro' the warfare.

But most hapless am I, for I had sons numerous and brave

In wide Troy:—where be they now? scarce is one o' them left . . .

O God-like Achilles . . .

Thy sire also remember, having yet more pity on me,

Who now stoop me beneath what dread deed mortal ever dared,

Raising the hand that slew his son, pitifully to kiss it. . . .

Two other minor and positive characteristics distinguish this anthology from most of its kindred. First, it contains many exquisite fragments only a few lines long, from poems brief enough even in their lovely completeness. Of Herbert's "Easter," for instance, there is but one stanza; but one from Marvell's "To his Coy Mistress." And, second, it is compounded of prose as well as of verse. Both these departures, even if they need justification in a book so personal, are in much a gain.

The economy keeps the all-connecting thread unburdened with digression and superfluity, the prose serves as a kind of bit and bridle to the flights of the poetic imagination. Its philosophy not only gives balance and stability, but, like the rays of evening sunshine, it calls out of the poetry it shines on its own colors and enhances what else might lie concealed. It may even at times cheat the poem into a meaning and allusion only vaguely its own.

One of the clearest lessons, indeed, inherent in these pages is that which teaches the inward reasonableness of all spirituality and proves that everything that we see and admire and love in the world is dark, mute, and irresponsive unless and until it is transfigured by the light and truth within us. "La beauté," says Amiel, "est donc un phénomène de spiritualization de la matière." So certainly, says Bacon, "the earth with men upon it (the divineness of souls except) will not seem much other than an anthill"; and never was there a more pregnant parenthesis. Again, in the words of Rivarol, "Tout Etat, si j'ose le dire, est un vaisseau mystérieux qui a ses ancres dans le Ciel." And yet again, in a passage taken from Father Zossima's discourse to the strange company in "The Brothers Karamazov":—

Much on earth is hidden from us, but there is given us in recompense the secret conviction of our living bond with another world, a celestial and loftier world: and the very roots of our thoughts and sensations are not here but there, in other worlds. And that is why philosophers say that on earth it is impossible to know the essence of things.

It is, then, not the mere succession of self-contained poems and fragments of prose that gives this anthology its intrinsic meaning, however valuable and beautiful they may be in themselves. It is their interrelation and intercom-

munion one with another. Like a host of candles in the quiet air they congregate their light, but the ghostly shrine which they illumine is the mind that set them in their places. There is no absolute isolation. Every page echoes, colors, or refines its neighbor, and all these pages are needed to make up one book in its completeness. They impel and win the reader on from theme to theme, from sensuous delight to intellectual exaltation, by almost imperceptible gradations. Wherever we turn, we find this compulsory but happy collusion. With the Social Virtues and Freedom for subject, the Funeral Oration of Pericles from Thucydides gives place to a fragment from Montesquieu, "L'Angleterre est à présent le pays le plus libre qui soit au monde, je n'en excepte aucune république . . ." and that to this from Lincoln, "It has long been a grave question whether any government, not too strong for the liberties of its people, can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies . . ." and thence to his speech at Gettysburg in 1863, and thence to Burke on the Colonies, to Milton in his Areopagitica, and then the prose suddenly breaks like a sturdy northern tree into changeless, deathless flower, with Blake's Jerusalem. Even the war-tired may take heart of grace. "Oh how comely it is and how reviving To the spirits of just men long oppressed!" Keats, again, adds from his letters a postscript to his poetical vision "on the true meaning of Poetry"—"A man's life of any worth is a continual Allegory, and very few eyes can see the Mystery of his life." And from Amiel comes the penetrating corollary, "Qui veut voir parfaitement clair avant de se déterminer ne se détermine jamais. Qui n'accepte pas le regret n'accepte pas la vie." And the solemn, the marmoreal "Methought I saw my late espoused Saint" is followed by the forlorn passionate courage of this:—

If grief for grief can touch thee,  
If answering woe for woe,  
If any ruth can melt thee,  
Come to me now!

I cannot be more lonely,  
More drear I cannot be:  
My worn heart throbs so wildly  
'Twill break for thee.

And when the world despises,  
When heaven repels my prayer,  
Will not my angel comfort?  
Mine idol hear?

Yes, by the tears I've poured,  
By all my hours of pain,  
O I shall surely win thee,  
Beloved, again.

But only a close study of the book can show the indefatigable pains of the artist to express an idea and an ideal with the world's masterpieces for his material. "The teaching is only of whither and how to go, the vision itself is the work of him who hath willed to see." What is made visible by this will is a serene solitude of the spirit, yet of a spirit not aloof from the hideous storm and terror of these days, but above it; not unmoved by it, but its master. That idiosyncratic touch of  
The Times.

strangeness which is essential, or is rather always a mark of poetry—just as the beauty of a face is stranger than the dust it must become—is a mark also of this anthology. But it is a strangeness without eccentricity or quixotism, and it carries with it a little frigidity towards the humors and the homeliness, the common impulses and aberrations of human mortality. Scintillating with romance and dark with melancholy though many of these pages are, the romance at last, like a beautiful dream, is lost in the limitless light of the spiritual imagination, and the dark shades conceal no shape nor phantasm of the sinister, the grotesque, or the devilish. Mystery is here, not for the mind to dwell in, but transcend; peeping curiosity has no place, and wonder is not welcomed merely for its *naivete*. A full but not refulgent or dazzling sunshine dwells over the scene, of a temperate heat; and so these waters flow on, beneath a shifting play of radiance and color, ever varying in direction, now deepening, now shallowing, but always pure and clear, the hill-waters of a stream bordering earth and Paradise, and called by the spirit of man, Reality.

## THE BOAR'S FOOT.

By MRS. BRIAN LUCK.

### CHAPTER III.

At the Casino Donald went in, and the excellent Achille turned his steps to Ciro's. There, as he expected, he found the old gentleman; and yet he had to look twice before he recognized him. What had happened? What had so changed the man? Instead of sitting with his *Times*, spruce, well preserved, and undeniably well turned out, with clear eyes and upright figure, Achille saw before him at the usual table only a weary looking and worn-out old man. His eyes were tired, dull; the mustache that was always brushed up so smartly

now drooped in a manner that was positively Low Church. His whole figure languished; he looked old and wretched and ill.

"You do not look vairy well," said Achille at once, sitting down beside him.

"I am perfectly well," snapped Sir Donald with some of his old temper; "perfectly well. But I have had a great blow."

"Tell me, I beg."

"You know I told you Gobert, that robber at the corner, showed me a coin, a copy of the genuine Nîmes things.



I took him mine this morning to compare with it. All these years I have considered mine to be real; yes, and all Europe thought so too. The other had just been bought by a tourist, but that makes no difference. It is—not genuine.”

“Ah, what a blow!” cried Achille, his heart beating with delight. “What a vairy dreadful blow! But how do you know it is false?”

“We looked at the book—Cuyler’s book on Provençal coins. Gobert has gone away, but Schenk is there, who knows even more than he. There is no doubt—no doubt at all. And how I could have been deceived all these years I cannot think.” Sir Donald spoke in a wearied, colorless tone.

“No,” murmured Achille.

“Apart from the fearful disappointment of it, the worst of the thing is that I must let people know that mine is false—the museums, the collectors, the authorities on the subject. It is horrible.”

Achille almost felt sorry for him. There he sat, a broken dream before him, and the dream was a pitiful one after all. Merely to be the possessor of a crocodile coin—bah!—and a pearl, a real pearl, that might be his—was indeed his—walking about in white flannels in the Casino, ready to be snapped up again by any soft-eyed woman! It made Achille sick to think of it, and his heart hardened again.

“Why did you tell me a lie yesterday?” he asked.

“A lie? When? What are you talking about?”

“You told me you had not a son. Why did you lie?”

“Confound you!” cried the old gentleman with a flash of his old manner; it is *not* a lie. He is *not* my son. He was, perhaps. Not now. A young fool, married to another fool, but not such a fool as he is. Why, who the devil told you?”

“You yourself,” replied Achille amiably; “and I am not talking, as you

know, out of impertinence and curiosity about your affairs. I am a man who neither has nor ever had wife, or handsome son, or coin collection. And I hardly know what to say to any man who has had all three, and lost them, lost them irrevocable.”

He had chosen his moment well. His old friend was too much overcome by the magnitude of his loss to have any angry retort ready. He did not even tell him to mind his own business. He just sat there looking old and wearied and thin.

“You have nothing left—no, nothing,” repeated the apple-grower, fixing stern black eyes on his companion. “Not even a heart.”

“A heart?”

“No, indeed, monsieur, you have no heart. You have a lump of lead perhaps, but nothing else: it is a parallelogram, it is a rhomboid, and it is made of gun-metal, of reinforced concrete; yes, a rhomboid of concrete, the reinforced kind.” And Achille glanced across the little marble-topped table.

“I tell you zis,” he went on, his black eyes flashing and his mustache twitching with scorn, “because it is true. What about that tall, handsome son of yours, *ce joli garçon*—but then, what of him? And as for your brains, monsieur, they are no better—no better,” looking round for a simile, “than the brains of a lettuce.”

“Hold your tongue! What the deuce are you talking about?” began the old man, and he half rose.

“Sit down, sit down,” commanded Achille, and he still looked very fierce, twice as fierce as Sir Donald, who suddenly seemed quite tired, and sank back again.

“Now,” said the Frenchman, in the voice of an examining judge in the Court of Cassation—“now, tell me, *what did you do with the letter he wrote you?*”

Sir Donald positively quailed before the fiery glance and voice. “Letter?”

he said. "I burned his letter unopened. Threw it into the fire. But what business is it of yours?"

"Ah!" retorted Achille, though his heart bounded with relief and delight; "then you did not read that the lady would not have him?"

"Eh?"

"She would not have him. Not without his money. She broke it off."

"Ah," said Sir Donald, with an attempt at recovery, "then I was right. She only wanted his money."

"Oh, la, la! what she wanted, or what any other woman wants, is only known to *le bon Dieu*. But regard! What have you done? You have lost him, and you have lost every thing else. Look how you treat him. You burn his letter in which he said you were right. Ah! *mon Dieu*, what a fool you were, dear friend, to burn that letter unopened! He waits for the answer; he does not get it. He hears no word. Silence. And he goes off. He has made his *amende honorable*, and he is treated—oh! of the most cruel. Then now, in Monte Carlo, what do I see happen—I, Achille Gaston Beaulande, with my own eyes? I see zat young man (*sac a papier!* I should have run you through)—I see him raise his hat and stand uncovered before you. And you, what do you do? Eh? Eh?" And the Frenchman's eyes sparkled with righteous wrath, his mustache bristled, he glowed with anger.

Sir Donald sat there uncomfortably. He took from Achille what he certainly would not have taken from any other man living, and he took it quietly. A new light broke in upon his life, and he saw it as a selfish and lonely one. He sat down, lost in thought; and Achille, in wisdom, did not interrupt him. He looked back on his life, on his marriage, on the boy's coming and childhood. Then the sudden leap, so it seemed, to manhood, and that ter-

rible scene in the library of his town house. He sighed.

"*Voyons*," said Achille in a more forgiving tone, "nothing is ever ended except the stupid things; the good things, and the nice ones, they go on forever. Shall we go, *mon ami*, to the jeweler, and ask to have that book again to look at? There is certainly some mistake."

"Very well, perhaps there is some mistake," repeated Sir Donald, as though it might be true, and he got up, and they went across to the shop.

Monsieur Gobert had gone to Paris, but Monsieur Schenck was in.

"You wish to see the book again?" he asked. "But certainly; here it is. I think you will find that there is no mistake in what I said."

And here was the young Donald just coming in with his yachting friend.

Schenck left his customer with his nose in the book, and went forward.

"Good morning," said Donald, in his clear voice. "Is Monsieur Gobert in?"

The man who was bending over the book raised his head a little and listened.

"No, monsieur; he is in Paris. What can I have the pleasure?"

"Well, I wonder if you would look at this coin for me? I should like your opinion on it, if you will be so good."

"Ah, but with pleasure."

"Gad! he's going to say it's a real one," said the man from the yacht.

Schenck still looked at the coin critically, seriously. Then he looked up, and his face was grave.

"This object you bring me, can you tell me perhaps where you procured it?"

"Certainly. I bought it in a shop."

"I return it to you," said the jeweler, "and offer you my congratulations on possessing it. That is a Foot of the Boar coin, and it is a genuine one."

"You're in luck, Donald," said a lazy voice.

"Allow me to congratulate you also," said Achille very pleasantly. "You see, I was to be trusted in my guess."

But Schenck still stood with round, serious eyes, as though he could hardly believe his own words. "There is no doubt—there is no doubt at all," he went on. "There are only seven known." Suddenly he remembered his other customer, and turned toward him, actually allowing a little excitement to creep into his voice. "A most extraordinary coincidence, monsieur. Here is yourself, who bring a coin that is mentioned in all the catalogues, for years, and it turns out to be a false one. This gentleman brings me one he has picked up somewhere, and, *houpe-la!* it is genuine."

As he talked the old gentleman turned round and looked at the others. A gleam of light passed through his eyes—a flash only, but it had come, though it was gone. And Achille saw that flash, and he rejoiced. Something of the old dignity had come back too, and Sir Donald held himself upright. And his son stood opposite him, erect and motionless. They were amazingly like each other.

"It is extraordinary," began Schenck again.

"Not at all," put in Achille briskly; "not the least in the world. Here is Sir Donald Carnegie, who thought for some time zat he had a genuine treasure, and now he finds he is mistaken, it is worthless. What is more extraordinary, and a great deal more interesting, is that he has always had a treasure, a genuine treasure, and for a

Chambers's Journal.

(The End.)

long time he has thought it to be worthless.—Is it not so? But you do not think zat now, Sir Donald, do you?"

"No."

The voice was not like Sir Donald's at all. It was low, subdued, almost humble. He looked across at his son. And his son still kept his hat on, and stood motionless.

"I was wrong, lad. I was hasty. I am sorry." The three sentences fell quietly from the old gentleman's lips.

Donald made a quick step forward. "I am sorry, too," he said frankly. "I was wrong and hasty."

"Ah! zat handshake!" said Achille beneath his breath. "Zat English handshake, it always makes my teeth ache to see it."

"Come, *mes amis*," he cried; "come and have *dejeuner* with me. I will not hear 'No.' I invite you all. You will all come and have a bifteck with me at *Ciro's*. Come along—come along. *Tiens!* the old coin—and whose is zat, I wonder?"

"It is not mine any longer," said the young Donald. "It belongs now to my father's collection."

"*Allons*," cried Achille again, "let us hasten, or we shall get no bifteck"; and he drove them out in front of him.

"Ah, now," mused Monsieur Schenck, as he returned to the counter, "this is an unusual incident. As if I did not know exactly where it came from! But I should very much like to know how that young man got hold of Sir Donald Carnegie's coin and exchanged it for his. I should very much like to know that."

## THE HYPHENATED.

The only types of hyphenated citizens which practically do not exist in the States are the English-Americans and the Scotch-Americans. Hardly any-one thinks in America of even the most

recent British extraction as foreign. Not one man in a thousand would be able to say, without referring to books, how many generations ago President Wilson's British ancestors had come

over to America; had he any other foreign ancestors within the last two or three generations, it would be a fact of common knowledge. Two prominent members of his Cabinet are British-born; should a serious conflict of interests or opinions occur between the United States and the British Empire, no more attention would be paid in America to their foreign origin than would recently have been given in England to the fact that one prominent member of the British Cabinet was on his mother's side of American descent. Englishmen would strongly resent it should anyone of British birth act as a representative of some other State in a way contrary to the interests of the British Empire. But the feeling would hardly show itself in relation to those who have found their new home in the States. The treaty concluded a short time ago between Great Britain and America, whereby a citizen of either State on becoming naturalized in the other automatically loses his original nationality, gives a legal expression to an actual state of affairs. But had the peculiar relation in which the two nations stand to one another been clearly recognized, and had its foundations and consequences been carefully examined, action of a very different kind might have ensued. There are hardly any other two great communities which could as easily face and accept double and common citizenship in the case of some of their members as could Great Britain and the United States. A transfer of allegiance from the one to the other is so easy that it need not necessarily be exclusive.

It is perfectly true that the man who has received his education in Great Britain will differ all his life from the man who has been brought up in America, but similarly an Oxford man will differ all his life from a Cambridge man, and an alumnus of Harvard from an alumnus of Yale. It is self-

evident that the mere fact that a man belongs to a type which is not frequent nor "autochthonous" in the country does not necessarily interfere with his citizenship; the question is rather how his particular type and mentality fit into his new surroundings. For a German, a Pole, or a Greek settling in America, the transition is almost violent; it implies the uprooting of certain habits and ideas, the grafting on of fresh ones. He seeks refuge and rest in hyphenation. There is an eternal looking backwards. Of the high aims and ideals which had been dear to him in his old home, his fellow-citizens in the new country are totally ignorant. If he wishes to preserve his own ideals, he must remain distinct from his neighbors. If he transmits them to his children, his children will remain hybrids, they will be "hyphenated"; and all "hyphenation" forms a differential distinction, and thereby a restriction on the completeness of citizenship. If he does not transmit his original national inheritance to his children, he feels that with his death something must die which had possessed its own life and value, but must perish without achievement. There is sadness in the death of nationality. The children of the foreign immigrant will no longer understand something which they are by nature capable of making their own; they do not receive the inheritance for which they are best fitted; the labor of generations is lost, a flame has burned in vain, a fire has died out without fostering life. Those who feel inclined to jeer at "hyphenation" or to criticise its bearers, had better pause and try to understand their position. Hyphenation is, perhaps, still a fruitful way of preserving living values; at least, it is a subconscious attempt in that direction. The human soul turns to something which had formed the deepest meaning of its life, and whispers the fatal words of Faust,

"Tarry a while, beauty is in thee."

Hyphenation is a real tragedy; but the thing which concerns us here is that it does not work for good citizenship; it is contrary to the union with one's fellow-citizens which is the basis of "community." It hardly ever occurs in the case of the Britisher in the United States, or of the American in the British Empire. For the Britisher in America, "looking backwards" may form a pleasant hobby, if he is fastidious and finds pleasure in displaying his fastidiousness; for the American in Great Britain it may constitute an elevating pastime, if he is zealous and simple-minded, and is out to inform, to correct, and to amaze, the Old World. To neither is it a primary mental need; neither the Britisher nor the American on migrating to the other's country needs to suppress and to starve anything which is of vital value to him. The outward forms of living in the two countries are to some extent different, the things that matter are so much alike that a migration implies no break in one's deeper life. London, Oxford, Manchester, Glasgow, New York, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco, each represents for a man of education a definite social atmosphere; migration from any one of these places to another implies a change, but the degree of change, except in the case of people who are directly interested in politics, is determined to only a very slight extent by the national situation of the various places.

The political forms, and hence the formal problems of politics are different in the two countries. Yet at the present day we are confronted in both societies with the same questions, not merely of a social and economic nature—those are now more or less common to the whole Western world—but of a "political" character in the truest meaning of the term. The problems of centralization and devolution,

LIVING AGE, VOL. II, No. 72.

of government by representative assemblies and plebiscitarian autocracy in the person of Prime Minister or President, of direct popular government and government through organized parties, are very much alike in both countries; examples from one could be quoted in the other as leading cases, just as legal arguments are mutually quoted in the law courts of the two countries. There are certain fundamental ideas, many of which can be traced back to the Puritan Commonwealth, that constitute a common denominator for the political life of all Anglo-Saxon countries. Were Englishmen once more turned loose on a vacant American Continent, they would in all probability build up a Commonwealth in all essentials very much like the one which is now known as the United States of North America. Were the same ground opened to the free civic activities of Germans, Poles, Italians, or Spaniards, the result would beyond doubt be a very different one. Every man carries within himself component lines of the elaborate pattern of State or Commonwealth. The Britisher fits himself almost without readjustment into the American scheme of things, and *vice versa*.

It is, therefore, but natural if the Englishman settled in the States becomes an American without any of the reservations implied in hyphenation. Less natural is the treatment which he would receive if he dared to manifest any feeling for the country of his origin or for the home of his ancestors; his hyphenated fellow-citizens would shriek "Treason."\*

\*On May 9, 1913, the American Committee for the Celebration of the one-hundredth Anniversary of Peace among the English-speaking peoples, gave a dinner at the Hotel Astor at New York in honor of the delegates from England, Canada, Australia, and the Municipality of Ghent, who had come to discuss the forthcoming Peace Celebrations. Mr. Joseph Choate presided, Secretary Bryan, and a number of foreign ambassadors were present. At that dinner, Professor Muensterberg warned the Committee against giving to the Celebrations an exclusively Anglo-Saxon character, and declared that



Have not Steuben, Lafayette, and Kosciuszko (and also George Washington) freed America from the yoke of Britain's cruel oppression? Have we forgotten the glorious "Fourth of July"? No, it will not be forgotten as long as one single man within the Union still finds serious difficulties in talking English. The foreigner feels that the Revolution is a covenant between him and America. Were it forgotten, the English-speaking American might feel that he had a prior claim with regard to the North American Continent. The Revolutionary Legend remains a kind of promise concerning America's cosmopolitan attitude toward Europe. The Revolution ended with a renunciation of Englishry; in its final stages the help of a foreign Power and of foreign adventurers was accepted in a struggle which had originally been a domestic quarrel, an internal convulsion of the Anglo-Saxon world. The memory of these few, stray foreign adventurers has been glorified. To them the foreign immigrant directs his gaze; he discovers gods of his own in the American mythology; they are a binding link between him and America, they form the basis for a claim which he

"There are many who think that the purpose of this whole movement is to bring America to the service of England in order to fight Germany."

On the same night the first annual dinner of the German Publications Society was held at the Plaza Hotel. The German Ambassador, Count Bernstorff, was present; a few peace delegates, including an English Member of Parliament, came from their dinner at the Astor "to express their good will." They thus had the opportunity of hearing the following remarks made by Herr Theodor Sutro, President of the German Publications Society:

"At the Hotel Astor tonight, they are dining and winning the delegates from the English-speaking countries of the world. They may well celebrate, seeing what little peace there was before that date between England and America, how during the War of the Revolution England had tried her best to crush the struggle of the American Colonies for independence, and how she had fomented the War of 1812 by plotting for years the disruption of the young Republic."

"... I cannot help thinking that it is after all not so superlatively to the credit of the Anglo-Saxon race that it has practically lived at peace with itself for a single century, and I cannot understand why there should be on that account such wild rejoicing, such extravagant self-laudation, or such tremendous demonstration."

makes on the country. On the "Fourth of July" he rejoices over something which he considers the birthday of his America. His Anglo-Saxon teachers, many of whom have come over long after 1783, have taught him to celebrate that day; he has grasped its meaning in so far as it concerns him, and now he carries his rejoicings to the very limit of aggressiveness. Does it not occur to many an American of Anglo-Saxon parentage, when he watches an Italian, a Pole, or a Greek noisily celebrating the Fourth of July that, after all, the great controversy of 1776 was a domestic affair of his own people, that it was fought out between two groups of his own ancestors? The war was waged on both sides of the ocean, it had begun more than a century before 1776, some of its fundamental ideas have continued their battle ever since wherever Anglo-Saxons live. The joyful commemoration of those events by foreigners—who would shout equally loud and with equally scant understanding on Empire Day, had they settled on the other side of the Canadian border—is at bottom a gross indiscretion, thoughtless horse-play with historical memories, which in their tragical greatness are a sacred inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon race. Should, however, any American of Anglo-Saxon extraction dare to protest against these foreigners setting themselves up as judges over his ancestors and history, the Legend of the Revolution, ossified, dried, cut up, distributed in the form of saintly relics among many shrines, is there to weigh on him and inhibit his actions. Yes, these foreigners can forbid him to call his blood, kin and ancestry his own, because he himself renounced them in a moment of bitter domestic feud, a hundred and forty years ago. Men who remain wholly alien to him in mind and soul can claim a voice in his national councils, they can lay hands on his national institu-

tions. Can he stop them from doing so on the ground that they do not understand the true spirit of his civic inheritance? Steuben, Kosciuszko, and Pulaski will be at once flung in his face, and rightly. For how much of the Revolutionary conflict was understood by the patron-saints and mythological forerunners of the recent immigrants? And yet their help was accepted, their memory is glorified, the cosmopolitan mark was received, Englishry was renounced.

I was standing on the night of one "Fourth of July" in the Town Square of New Haven, which the first Puritan settlers had laid out centuries ago, on the steps of the Center Church, which two Oxford men had founded. They had come here in order that they might realize their cherished dreams of the Puritan Commonwealth. Here British religious individualism had tried in congregations to work out its destiny, undisturbed by the contrary element within its own nation, untouched by the influence of its spiritual brethren of different nationality. In those surroundings I had dreamed many a time of the Puritan founders of the State, I had followed their paths among the wooded hills up the Connecticut River, I felt their thoughts when, on my pilgrimage, I reached the slopes near New Guilford, which after long search a group of immigrants from Surrey and Kent had chosen for their settlement, because it reminded them so much of the countryside of Southern England. It was impossible to think of that distant past in the Town Square of New Haven on the night of the Fourth of July. A noisy, surging crowd was rolling through the square, rockets were fired, flags were waved. I heard Italian, French, Polish, and Greek spoken around me. I saw hundreds of little American flags, and coupled with them flags of many nations. The one flag which was nowhere to be seen was that of Britain,

the land which once had been loved as mother country, which now is honored by Americans as the center of the great sister-commonwealth, but which on the "Fourth of July" is dimly thought of by the multi-lingual crowd in the New Haven Square as a brutal tyrant. What associations were rising in the imaginations of those in the crowd who had themselves suffered in the Old World, when they heard the phrases about "Britain's cruel yoke"?

Across the square, in a fine old frame house I had sat at dinner that night with descendants of the founders of the State, with Anglo-Saxons of the purest lineage, in their feelings and thinking more closely allied to Englishmen than are millions of men now living under the British flag. We had sat behind drawn blinds, and a feeling of bored, weary uneasiness had seemed to prevail in the room. The noise was coming from outside, the Mob's Carnival was proceeding in the Square; I guessed that hardly any one of my companions, whose forefathers had been actors in the great drama, exactly knew what his own feelings now were towards the queer festivities of commemoration, or towards their still queerer participants, who by their very joy tried to let the old Americans know and feel that they, the crowd in the Square, were their fellow-citizens. Did they not resent the indiscretion of the strange yelling and noisy rejoicings? In many of them flowed the blood of loyalists. Why were those Dagoes shouting over Hutchison's broken heart, over Galloway's shattered life, over the mute tragedy of many of America's noblest men, over the "pity and fear" of the great Anglo-Saxon tragedy? Well, the fathers of the now "submerged Americans" used to celebrate that day before these strangers had entered the land; the rejoicings of the Fourth of July had grown to be the custom of the country. Could an American of Anglo-Saxon

extraction now protest against them, against the Legend of the Revolution? Could he step forward and tell the foreign immigrants that the ideas of right and liberty, which his ancestors had brought over from the British Isles, were not dead in their old home, that each of the two great divisions of Anglo-Saxondom, treading its own path, had reached a freedom and developed a form of commonwealth unequaled by any other nation; that the attitude of the immigrants towards his own blood, kin and ancestry was offensive to him?

The same night I walked among the crowd with a descendant of the first Puritan settlers. I could guess the thoughts with which he was struggling; there were things which neither he nor I could formulate, and neither of us would have dared to touch upon. We had left the Square, had passed out of

*The New Statesman.*

the crowd, and were walking up a side road, between the mighty rows of old elm trees. Finally he broke the silence; he remarked with a smile, simulating cheerfulness: "We teach more foreigners English than does Great Britain, we compel them to adopt our language, laws, and constitution in a way unknown to the British Empire." The Englishman spoke in him; there was not a drop of blood in him which was not the best blood of England. I felt like asking him why he did not unfurl the flag of his own ancestors, and make the strangers in the Square and all their little foreign flags bow to it? Of course, they would shriek "Treason"; for could the glorious Revolution ever be forgotten or interpreted in any other than the traditional way?

They were rejoicing in the Town Square over his renunciation of Englishry.

*L. B. N.*

---

### DR. WILSON'S "HOUSEHOLD FOES."

The relations between President, Parliament and people in the United States have for generations been those of the ship's captain, with a mixed crew and a crowd of emigrant passengers peculiarly liable to panic in a storm. The brains on the bridge have throughout known all the dangers, yet executive officers on watch have too often been distracted by insistent clamor and protest from all classes below. Luckily, this big America rolled through summer seas until 1914, when the breakers of Deutschum whitened with imminent crash. Hence all these domestic broils in Washington and bewilderment abroad.

Even Abe Lincoln, now secure in the Hall of Heroes, was beset with carping deputations—chiefly from the West, be it said, where Mr. Bryan lives, and the blind Senator Gore, who sought to warn American citizens off armed

liners of the Allied nations. The fact is that to Nebraska European quarrels are remote as Mars' canals. To Oklahoma the word "war" suggests only Mexican anarchy, which is all too near, and very bad for business.

President Lincoln suffered those Western spokesmen gently. "Now suppose," said the Emancipator, "all you possessed were committed to Blondin's care to carry across the Niagara Gorge on a rope. Would you shake his cable? Would you yell, 'Blondin, stand up straighter! Go a bit faster! Lean to the north. . . . No—more to the south!' Gentlemen, you'd just hold your breath as well as your tongues till your gold was safely over. And this Government carry a mighty burden. Treasure untold is in their hands, so don't badger them; they're doing their very best. Be silent during the

crossing." The delegates stole away with every protest quelled by the rugged genius of this man.

Now the Blondin ordeal is also Dr. Wilson's who turned upon his hecklers in mid-air, so to speak, till they shrank from further meddling in sheer fear of the Unknown. Whence came this pervasive impression that Dr. Wilson had neither Parliament nor people behind him in his stand against murder at sea? Undoubtedly from William Jennings Bryan. As State Secretary he told Dumba and Bernstorff that the first *Lusitania* Note need not be taken too seriously. The German Press has given Bryan short shrift. Yet his "peace-at-any-price" policy has been a trump-card in the hands of the National German-American Alliance. It has also given driving power to each pro-German plot, from the proposed embargo on war munitions to ingeniously contrived runs on big banks subscribing to the Anglo-French Loan. Thus at Pittsburg every shop and telephone buzzed mysteriously with panic rumor: "Get your money out while you can!"

Berlin was exceedingly rude to Mr. Bryan. To the *Berliner Zeitung* the apostle of peace was "a teetotal hero with well-fed face and voice of unction." He was also Wilson's friend. The President took leave of his eccentric Foreign Minister "with affectionate regards" and "God bless you!" very deeply felt. Bryan retired amid Parthian clouds of snipe-fire from all quarters—Democratic, Republican, Progressive, and Independent.

"His unspeakable treachery" roused the *New York World* to fury. His "love of the limelight" was recalled; his public appearance at Chautauqua lectures, so as to offset the lighter "turns."

The State Secretary was no sooner out of office than he was rousing the hyphenates and Clan-na-Gael Irish,

who beat the reporters when those harassed men forgot to rise at the strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein." This was in early June of last year. Then it was that Mr. Bryan ("Et tu, Brutel") began a submarine campaign of his own against the President. These tactics wounded Dr. Wilson personally, as well as nullifying every move he made against Bernstorff and Berlin.

If President Taft (Mr. Bryan put to his supporters) advised all Americans to leave Mexico when red anarchy fell, why should not Wilson warn citizens off the Allied ships—for the nation's sake if not for their own? And Mr. Bryan was dead against the transport of munitions on American passenger boats. These dicta were eagerly seized by German agents and Anglophobe organs of all ranges, from the *Staats-Zeitung* to the *Washington Post*. A monster petition of four million signatures was foisted upon Congress against the home trade in guns and shells for the Allies.

And Congress was impressed, as Berlin knew perfectly well. Hence the Gore resolution in the Senate, and Mr. McLeMore's corresponding motion in the Lower House. Beyond doubt these would have been carried by large majorities, and the traveling American forbidden the "armed ship," were it not for the President's dramatic challenge to Messrs. Kern, Stone, and Flood, whom he invited to the White House for a frank talk, on a certain historic evening.

"We covet peace," Dr. Wilson told these legislative leaders. "And we shall ensue it at any cost—save the loss of honor." . . . "Our duty is clear," the President told the Senate Chairman of Foreign Relations. "To forbid our people to exercise their rights [i.e. to sail in Allied ships] for fear we should have to vindicate them would be a deep humiliation indeed."

Berlin's belief that he was bluffing was then and there traced back to Bryan's nods and winks with the naïve and devious Dumba. The Austrian passed on to the Ballplatz and Wilhelmstrasse an assurance that Wilson was only a wordy professor, saving his face and marking time for a capricious, mercurial people who had a nose for "the day's noos," and would forget the *Lusitania* as the next big prize-fight drew near.

It was a pernicious fallacy of course, as the President showed Congress and the world. He turned upon the peace-mongers, their leaders and tools of all degrees, putting the issue crudely for the first time, as the *New York World* put it next day. "Is the foreign policy of the United States to be dictated from the White House or the German Embassy?"

Whereupon all parties coalesced. The President's household foes now fell back upon their second lines. The British blockade, for instance, and interference with Uncle Sam's mails; the non-neutral making of guns and shells, the flotation of loans which caused the retirement of Congressman R. U. Page, brother of the Ambassador at our Court. It is a tense, expectant situation. Colonel House has reported the submarine as Germany's winning card—especially the newer types, which are all that cunning and Schrecklichkeit can devise.

On the other hand, Washington will have no more parley on the preposterous question, "Is murder legal if it gets a goal?" "There can be no question," says the inspired *Journal of Commerce*, "about a warship's obligation to warn a merchant vessel and refrain from attack if it make no resistance, no attempt to escape." The *Journal* recites the established rules. "If the U-boat cannot conform to these, it must confine itself to attacks upon real warships. If the A B C of human-

ity and law make this weapon useless, that is its owner's misfortune as a Naval Power."

Here, then, is an impasse which even the Berlin Admiralstab finds awkward; though, as Herr Zimmerman told the New York Associated Press, "There are limits beyond which the best friendship snaps." And Hans Delbrück, who always reflects the Berlin Foreign Office, considers overt rupture a disaster. "America," he points out, "holds a very valuable pawn in that vast mercantile fleet of ours now lying idle in her harbors." One vessel alone—the *Imperator*—cost nearly £2,000,000, and eclipsed even the Cunard's pride of place for size and splendor at sea. "The decision our Government has to make," Professor Delbrück owns, "is undeniably serious. Has not Portugal seized all our ships? They will soon be in English service."

It is safe to say that, despite the "diplomatic difficulties" which Captain Persius foresees, Germany's decisive weapon must have full scope. "We are fighting for our existence," says Baron von Mumm von Schwarzenstein, of the Foreign Office. On the other hand, one more drowned American means a state of war, with the banishment of Bernstorff and Baron Zwidinck—who continues all the Dumba devilttries as Austrian Chargé d'Affaires.

It is this prospect which has thrown America's social and political psyche into unexampled confusion. The President's victory is no more than a truce. Uneasy Senators and Representatives are daily bombarded with sheaves of letters and telegrams urging the sound sense of the Gore resolution, and, consciously or unconsciously, supporting Bernstorff and Bryan in the Anglophobe and peace campaigns. Moreover, Congress resents the Presidential pistol at its head.

The Senate itself is split into heated, factious camps. So is the Lower



House; whilst "preparedness" for war is up against fierce opposition, or remote Western lethargy that asks what all the fuss is about, and is bored by the space given it in the papers. The Middle West and Pacific Slope are distinctly pro-German; and this element the President placates by appointing as War Minister Mr. Newton Baker, his former secretary and college pupil.

Mr. Baker is a prominent pacifist, quite opposed to his predecessor's Continental Army, and favoring an increase in the State Militias and National Guards. This will gratify State pride. It will also increase confusion, for these forces are controlled, and may even be disbanded, by the Governor of the State to which they belong. As for naval programmes, these meet with energetic protest, even in anti-Japanese States of the Far West.

"We're mere children in these matters," the President is told. "We must take a lead from Germany on land warfare, and from Great Britain at sea. Suppose we spend hundreds of millions on capital ships only to find that science [read the submarine] puts it over on mere size?" And in the background of "preparedness" stands the temperance fanatic, calling for the total suppression of the liquor traffic—a coup that would pay for such an army and navy as would smash a world in arms!

America is an unwieldy subject, and in treating it British writers are badly at sea. Even resident correspondents take local views. They convey no idea whatever of "those United States" which are sharply divided in ethics and ethnics—climatically, politically, and by conditions peculiar to themselves. "America" should convey to the thinker not a nation in the European sense, but a stupendous and sparsely-populated continent, split into dozens of sovereign States, with very real

frontiers and local affairs of all-absorbing interest. Massachusetts has no more in common, say, with Arizona than Ireland has with Albania.

The Federal Chief of these States has long presided in an affable and gilded peace. But this vanished at the first gun of the Great War, leaving the President aghast at the sudden blaze of Teuton nationality. "They have formed plots to destroy property," Dr. Wilson complained to Congress. "They have conspired against the neutrality of this Government, and sought to pry into confidential transactions to serve interests alien to our own."

Here were vengeful household foes—"infinitely malignant," was the President's memorable phrase. Their seat and center lay in the two Germanic Embassies, but Bernstorff was prime plotter of them all, and boasted of a "million army" ready to fight for the Fatherland. Why was he not sent packing after those acres of revelation by newspaper sleuths? Because he and his are in possession, and now locked and linked with the native legions of apathy and peace, and Anglophobia. No Administration would care to rouse the Germans. "Ex pede Hereulem!" If they have burned and bombed when the nation was at peace, what hell-upon-earth would these hosts loose if it came to an open breach with Deutschland?

"There are twenty million of us Germans and Austrians here," said Representative Vollmer, of Iowa—"too many to intern, I guess." Open terrorism was here preached, and backed up in Berlin, where *Der Tag* reported truculent meetings of the German-American in San Francisco. "Real German was spoken," Berlin was told. "And Washington was clearly warned without any effort to spare its feelings."

Look at the late Herman Ridder, of the *New York Staats-Zeitung*. He was

American-born, a self-made man, and German all through in the making. Ridder was a power in the party which elected President Wilson, yet he and his son Bernard have fanatically inflamed the German vote, working with reckless zeal to coerce the Cabinet into a Prussian policy, at the same time preaching peace to remoter American millions of factory, farm, and plantation.

"And a man's foes," says the serene Voice, "shall be they of his own household." This is Dr. Wilson's case, sadly watching Governor Whitman taking rifles from the Austrian societies up at Little Falls, N. Y. His once familiar friend Bryan is among the plotters "for conscience sake." Bryan, *The Outlook.*

the "perpetual" White House Candidate, who hands \$500 to Dr. Rotsky, chaplain to the German prisoners in Canada, that they may buy comforts—perhaps picture-papers showing the Ottawa Houses of Parliament flaming to the night skies.

Truly America is now a melting-pot in a new sense, with the blaze of a world-war scorching all her races—and the Presidential Election looming over all! Here is unavoidable bathos. But the chaos is further confused by domestic politics too involved for treatment here. What will Wilson do in this clamorous clash? "In any event," he wrote to Senator Stone, "our duty is clear." Be sure this man will do it, though he die politically in the attempt.

*Ignatius Phayre.*

## INSTINCT AND REASON.

"There are two alternative ways of inducing locomotion in a donkey—with a thick stick from behind, or with a bunch of carrots on ahead: the first is the way of instinct, the second is the way of reason." This was the contribution of Professor Fisher, who was often very apt in illustration, to a discussion on that perennial subject of interest, the relation of instinct to reason. His conclusion is virtually that the relation between the two is remote—by no means so close as is commonly supposed. After all, the donkey would be disposed to put the two modes of overcoming his natural inertia in very different categories, if his thoughts were so conducted as to fall into such categories at all. He would regard the carrots in front and the stick behind as very distinct agencies. The common view—Dr. Fisher would say the common illusion—is to suppose an almost filial relationship between these two great factors in evolution, instinct and reason, making the latter and more

efficient faculty the direct descendant of the former. We hear, or at least we used to hear, a great deal of rather loose talk about "instinct passing indefinitely into reason," "the beginnings of reason to be found in instinct," and so forth, the manifest implication being that instinct, at its highest development, might be detected on a passage into reason, and that if we studied the ways of the creatures most highly gifted with instinct we should discover them showing us the beginnings of rational action. It is a theory that could only have arisen out of extremely "sloppy" thinking, out of extremely careless study, or no study at all, of the animals in which the lessons of instinct have produced the most surprising results. The truth of the case is that the beginnings of reason are really to be sought and found in creatures that do not appear to have traveled at all far on the road along which instinct might have urged them. One donkey, in fact, had been driven a long way further than

the other by the big stick before that other became aware of the bunch of carrots dangled before him. Once he did become conscious of it he started off after it at a gallop, and very soon overtook and out-distanced his leader.

Presumably the metaphor of the stick and the carrots will not be an obscure one. Instinct, we must realize, impels *a tergo*, as it were, driving its pupil along without affording an idea of the goal of the journey. Reason acts just the other way, showing the goal, the bunch of carrots, on ahead, and so supplying a motive, at the same time as suggesting a means, for attaining the journey's end. The two are as different as well can be, scarcely with the most distant family likeness between them: certainly there is nothing filial in their relations. They are at most collaterals. And even if we give them credit for a common stock we are obliged to recognize that they have diverged very widely in course of descent. We have not far to seek for the animal that we shall take as typical of reason in its highest development on our planet—our noble selves, *Homo sapiens*. But where shall we look for the type of instinct at its highest? If instinct and reason really had the filial and paternal connection which has been supposed, we should expect to find that type in the animals most nearly related to ourselves—the great primates, the apes. The case is far otherwise. Instinct, the big stick—does not seem to have moved them on at all far along the road. Comparing them with some much lowlier people in the terrestrial company we find them to have made hardly any progress at all. For the exhibition of the most marvelous achievements of instinct—and marvelous, beyond all recorded miracles, they are—we have to look not to any of the animals that are at all akin to ourselves, but to the insects of the hymenopterous kind, to the ants,

the bees, and to the wasps, both the social and the solitary. And if we shall ask why it is that these little people have been so extraordinarily gifted in this way, how it happens that they have been led to work more instinctive wonders than any other genera or orders, we shall, I believe, have to be content with asking. I do not know that anyone has even made the attempt to answer the question. We have to leave it, an open speculation. There has been a tendency to suggest that the living in societies, developing a division of labor so perfect that distinction of size and sex between the laborers has actually been induced by it, is the basic reason for this extraordinary development: but that is an explanation which fails altogether to give any account of the instinct of the solitary kinds. Yet they are wonder-workers quite as marvelous and quite as efficient as any of the social species, laying up, as they do, for an offspring that they will never see, a store of dead and paralyzed larvae in the nursery-larder in which they deposit their eggs. We have to accept the fact, as beyond the most sapient guesses of *Homo sapiens* for an explanation. The bunch of carrots has led man a great deal further than the big stick has driven the wasps, but the stick has taught certain lessons which the bunch of carrots not only could not teach, but cannot help in the least to explain, and one extremely interesting and singular fact in the whole story is that the stick had almost certainly driven these wonderful insects to the point at which we see them now, long—thousands and even millions of years—before man began to “take notice” (as he still says when he speaks of human babies), of the bunch of carrots which now have led him so far ahead of all the stick-driven people.

When, precisely or approximately, did he begin to “take notice” of the carrots: at what point, in the evolution of

the great primate stock, did he begin to acquire or to develop his reason? That, again, is a question of the very greatest interest. The most recent answer, so far as I know, that has been suggested to it comes from Dr. Arthur Keith, in his "Antiquity of Man." He puts the date of the development of a being with a brain capacity worthy of the name of human at just about a round million of years ago. It would take us a long way out of our present course to pursue all the arguments on which this calculation is made. They are based chiefly on the estimated age of the strata in which are found the fossilized remains of such progenitors of modern man as *Pithecanthropus*, and that estimate, again, is founded on the presumed length of time that the various strata have required for their deposit. Now whether you are pleased to look on a little trifle of a million years as a very long or as a very brief span of time depends entirely on the scale by which you may choose to measure it. It sounds considerable, but in comparison with the æons during which animal life has been instinctively acting in

The Westminster Gazette.

obedience to the big stick on this planet it is a very small fraction indeed, and we have to regard the bunch of carrots motive as one of very recent introduction. And all that we know—truly it may not be much—seems to point to the conclusion that most of the instinctive habits, especially the habits of creatures that made their appearance so early in evolution's story as the insects, became fixed a very long while ago. A few exceptional adaptations to altered circumstances, such as a habit of nesting in chimneys or under the roof eaves of modern houses, does not really invalidate this as a general truth. It is likely that several millions of years before man became aware of a motive in the future, and devised his means accordingly, the ants were already slave-drivers and cattle-keepers, the bees had solved the secret of the hexagonal cell and of the special food demanded by a royal infant, and the solitary wasps were already stinging caterpillars into insensibility and storing them up as provisions for babies which the eye of maternal affection should never see.

*Horace Hutchinson.*

## THE KAISER AS STRATEGIST.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED E. TURNER.

The fierce attacks of the Germans in huge serried masses on Verdun was a consummation devoutly to be wished—though our glorious Allies could hardly have imagined that, after the early experiences of the war, when the Teuton automatons were hurled in the same formations against the French and British positions, Germany would repeat such performances. The reason is doubtless that the crazy Kaiser—who values the lives of his soldiers as so much dirt—has been present as War Lord, with his egregious heir and the braggart Rupprecht of Bavaria. The presence of the Kaiser cannot but

greatly encourage his opponents, for it always spells defeat with enormous losses to the Germans. The Kaiser is no leader of an army. German officers in former days often told me this, and they dreaded the appearance of the All Highest at manœuvres. I was told that on one occasion he commanded the troops on one side near Metz; the umpire-in-chief was the celebrated General, Field-Marshal Count Haeseler, who had been an officer on the staff of the Red Prince in the war of 1870-71. The Kaiser, as usual, distinguished himself by hurling huge masses of

cavalry and infantry against strong unshaken positions, the effect of which in real warfare would have been totally disastrous. At the critique, to which the Kaiser, very pleased with himself, repaired, the tough, independent old Field-Marshal said, after having the reports of the various Generals, as follows: "The manner in which His Majesty commanded his force was splendid as a spectacle, but it was not war. If the Triple Alliance were at war, and their troops were so led, the Germans and Austrians in the first line would all be slain, and it would be left to the Italians in the second line to bury them. The Emperor appears to overlook the fact that there are such things as killed in a battle."

A more stinging rebuke could not have been uttered, and for once in his life the Kaiser held his tongue.

The late General Grierson told me that on one occasion he ventured to ask the All Highest why the German troops advanced to the attack in close formations, which was quite contrary to their theories and rules. The Kaiser replied that it was because they would not go forward against the enemy if extended or in other ways which more or less removed them from the immediate control of their officers.

The Germans have marvelous collective courage, and will march forward to certain slaughter when shoulder-to-shoulder with their comrades; but, unlike our men and the French, all spirit of independence has been drilled out of them, and they always require the presence of a superior to command them. German officers of the Guard who were present at the battle of Gravelotte have told me that during the attack of the Guard on St. Privat—which cost them the loss of 8,000 men out of 24,000 in twenty minutes—the men—who were extended and who had lain down for the purposes of taking cover—could only be with the greatest

difficulty forced to get up and advance. Thus, while the German military authorities preach attack in extended order, in practice they are bound to advance in masses and trust to sheer weight of numbers to capture positions, utterly and callously indifferent to their losses. Here, again, we have an instance of the gospel of ruthless brute force. One wonders how long Germany will suffer these holocausts at the shrine of the sanguinary Moloch who is destroying her manhood with her prosperity.

I know the ground well from Saarbrücken by Metz to Verdun, and east and north of the latter, on which this terrific struggle is going on. By a strange coincidence it was the 3d German Army Corps—the Brandenburgers—who on 16 August 1870 came up from Gorze in the early morning and, though in small numbers, fastened on the left flank of Bazaine's army, which was retreating from Metz by Vionville and Mars-la-Tour on Verdun. This attack Bazaine, not being a man of prompt action, did not attempt to crush till too late, after the Prussian corps was firmly established and reinforced by some portion of the 10th Corps. This really decided the day, and forced Bazaine back on Metz. The casualties in this battle of Vionville were considered large—16,000 Germans and 17,000 French. Those of the great battle of Gravelotte, fought two days later, were 15,000 French and 20,000 Germans. Contrast these numbers with those of today! The Emperor Wilhelm I and von Moltke husbanded their strength and did not sacrifice it like the mad Moloch of today. At the battle of Gravelotte Marshal Steinmetz hurled his 7th and 8th Corps, in close formation, against the French across the ravines of the Mance; they suffered appalling loss, and the next day Steinmetz was removed from his command and sent as Governor to



Stettin. Now the Kaiser and his generals are so many Steinmetzs—that is to say, they are utterly ruthless and reckless as to the number of their own soldiers who fall, whether they succeed or not. They use the phalanx formation of two thousand years ago against the terrible precision of modern

The Saturday Review.

firearms, they adopt the impi of the Zulus and the wild rush in crowds of the Dervishes.

The Kaiser lives well up to an officer's description of him in the early days of the war—"A maniac in strategy; a butcher in tactics."

## PORTUGAL AT WAR.

Since 1373, when King Edward III of England and King Ferdinand I of Portugal attended together a State service in St. Paul's Cathedral, there has existed between the two countries a covenant of mutual support that, as revised by Cromwell and Milton and enlarged by the addition of a secret article by Charles II, was acknowledged as valid by Queen Victoria in 1873 and is in force today. The entry of Portugal into the war, however, is not the result of that understanding, though the German Government is naturally at pains to attempt to show that it has caused Portugal to pursue an unneutral course of action. The actual *casus belli* was the requisitionment by the Portuguese Government of the German ships lying interned in their ports since the beginning of the war.

As far as we can understand, the people of Portugal have suffered in the same way as the people of Spain, but even more severely, from the interference with their trade, due to the world war, and especially from shortage of shipping. This has hampered the important trade with their own colonies and the still greater trade with Brazil. According to the latest report of our Consul at Lisbon, the falling off in the foreign trade of the capital amounted to 17½ per cent in the case of exports and 37 per cent in the case of imports, which normally are four times the value of exports. A large part of the trade is due to foreign and colonial re-

exports. Portugal's two best customers are the United Kingdom and Brazil, who take large quantities of vegetables and wine.

International law is, after all, not simply a question of precedents; its basis is the law of nature. *Salus populi suprema lex*; and it seems to us that, under the circumstances, the Portuguese Government took up a perfectly reasonable position in deciding to requisition the ships they needed, granted they were, as there is no reason to doubt, ready afterwards to indemnify the owners. The German Government, in the Note presented by their Ambassador at Lisbon on March 9th, announcing their declaration of war, does not really attempt to contravene this fundamental principle. What they urge is that the Portuguese Government "seized a number of German vessels out of proportion to what was necessary for meeting the shortage of Portuguese tonnage," and that the Government "did not attempt even once to come to an understanding with the German shipowners, either directly or through the mediation of the German Government." On the other hand Sir Edward Grey, reading to the House of Commons the statement which the Prime Minister was, unfortunately, prevented by illness from delivering himself, said that "requisition would have been followed by payment in compensation." The German Government, however, would not wait.

The reasons for their precipitancy are not easy to see, nor what they hope to gain by forcing Portugal to enter the war, but they need not concern us. As a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* points out, the declaration of war by Germany on Portugal—which has been followed by a similar one from Austria—compels England to provide ships and troops to protect Portugal and her colonies if attacked. Portugal must also render assistance, and a Court of Judicature must, under the terms of our long-standing agreement, decide in future on any territory conquered by our joint armies. Portugal will now have to co-operate with General Smuts in East Africa, where Germany will find a considerable body of Portuguese troops already on the frontiers of German East Africa, and the Portuguese ports, such as Madeira and the Azores, will no longer be available

The Economist.

as a refuge for German raiders.

"Portugal," said Sir Edward Grey, "may rest assured that Great Britain and the Allies will afford her all the assistance that she may require, and that, having been compelled to range herself on the side of the Allies, she will be welcomed as a gallant coadjutor in the defense of the great cause for which the present war is being waged." His message to this effect, read by the new War Government before the Parliament at Lisbon on Thursday, was received with enthusiasm. There have lately been food riots and other demonstrations of popular discontent in Portugal, due to bad trade and high prices. It may, we hope, turn out that the requisitioning of German ships will relieve the pressure by enabling Portugal to exchange its surplus products for the supplies which it needs from overseas.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Although "The Shepherd of the North," by Richard Aumerle Maher, tells of a noble-hearted bishop's work among the Adirondack people where he watches over the love affairs of two interesting young charges, and saves a whole district from an evil-purposed railroad, the theme of the book is an abstract one; the triumph of Roman Catholicism. The main interest is not whether Jeffrey Whiting shall marry Ruth Lansing, nor even whether he shall make a gallant fight against the railroad interests, but whether he shall give his soul to God and become a Roman Catholic. The author has succeeded admirably in making the bishop—the shepherd of the north—a figure of rare dignity and force of character. He is a symbol of the protecting power of righteousness. The book has several dramatic moments and some fine

descriptive passages. Not often is a distinctly religious theme given such a rugged and vigorous setting as in this story. The Macmillan Co.

"Mary Allen" by Eleanor Marvin is a story for girls. Its young heroine is a seventeen year old girl who displays such talent for drawing while she attends a country high school that her teacher encourages her to enter an Art School in New York. Mary Allen's efforts to make her home in the country attractive so that some one will wish to rent it and enable her mother and herself to live in New York make, perhaps, the most entertaining portion of the book. Her subsequent triumphs in New York seem almost too easily won to be true, although she does indeed make one enemy who threatens to spoil her career. Young readers who

will not cavil at the extraordinary progress of the artist, will thoroughly enjoy the account of her life in New York and the wonderful things which happened to her there. The author writes with a sure sense of the details which always please girl readers. Doubleday Page & Company.

It is not everyone who, moving about "From Pillar to Post," as John Kendrick Bangs describes himself as doing, in the book to which he has given that title (The Century Co.) would meet so many cheerful people, or have so many diverting experiences; but then, it is not everyone who would carry about with him so sunny and sympathetic a spirit. That is the real key to the book and explains its charm. For ten years the author, who is perhaps the best-known of contemporary American humorists—the Artemus Ward of our time—has been one of the most conspicuous figures on the lyceum platform, bearing about with him to and fro across the country a store of wholesome humor which has entertained all sorts and conditions of men, in city and town and remote hamlet, wherever the "movies" have not wholly displaced the traveling lecturer. Either from a retentive memory or a rich notebook he has selected the material for the present volume, which presents no continuous narrative and follows no definite route geographically, but groups together scraps of amusing experience on the road or on the platform, sketches of different types of chairman, or of friends met on the way, and of embarrassing moments and unlooked-for emergencies. There is not a touch of cynicism anywhere, nor is there a dull page. The book is a beguiling one, and its charm is heightened by thirty or more humorous illustrations by John R. Neill, which are scattered through the text.

Such a volume as Mrs. Waldo Richards' "High Tide," a collection, as

she describes it, of "songs of joy and vision from the present-day poets of America and Great Britain" should reassure those who have been apprehensive that true poetry was declining and that contemporary verse-makers were a feeble and freakish group. Feeble and freakish verse, to be sure, is abundant enough, but among the poets of the day there are, happily, not a few whose verse is full of promise and seems destined to endure. Mrs. Richards has been fortunate in securing the friendly co-operation of more than a hundred authors and their publishers, and in presenting in this volume nearly two hundred poems, varied in theme but of more than ordinary grace and beauty. Masfield, Noyes, Francis Thompson, Robert Bridges, Rupert Brooke, and John Galsworthy among English poets, and Robert Frost, Josephine Preston Peabody, Grace Fallow Norton, Louise Imogen Guiney, Edwin Markham, Clinton Scollard, Denis A. McCarthy, Nathan Haskell Dole and Fannie Stearns Davis among Americans are included in the group; and all lovers of verse will find it a pleasure to browse through the book. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The romance of a boy of seventeen is, to the boy himself, no subject for jesting; but to observers from without it certainly has its humorous aspects, and Booth Tarkington, in "Seventeen" (Harper & Bros.) makes the most of them. He describes the story, in the sub-title, as "a tale of youth and summertime and the Baxter family—especially William." William it is who fills the center of the stage throughout: his infatuation with a young beauty, visiting near by; her beguiling ways and entrancing baby talk; the cold indifference of older people; the harassing interruptions of a persistent and imperturbable younger sister; the advances of deadly rivals; such casualties

as the rift of William's apparel by the untimely deposit of his body upon a prostrate picture frame; the tragedy of the loss of the only collar-button in the house at a critical moment in his dressing; his furious remonstrances with Fate and his futile attempts to curb or eliminate young Jane; the sacred box in which he deposited various souvenirs, floral and other, of the charmer—these and other incidents of that eventful summertime are described by the author with a rollicking humor which boys of seventeen may think heartless, but will enjoy notwithstanding, and which readers who recall their own boyhood will read with amusement, and—possibly—awakening memories. A dozen clever illustrations by Arthur William Brown decorate the book.

William Roscoe Thayer's volume on "Germany vs. Civilization" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) indicates clearly enough in its title, and in its sub-title "Notes on the Atrocious War," the author's point of view. No more keen and vigorous indictment of the Prussianized Germany of today has been published, and no more merciless exhibit of the egomania of the Kaiser, of whom it is said, in the caption of one of the chapters, that "He created Gott in his own image." Mr. Thayer grounds his views upon a thorough knowledge of history and upon personal acquaintance with Germany and the Germans of a generation ago as well of today; and, in chapter after chapter of keen analysis and forceful statement, he traces the course of the influences which have made Germany a menace to humanity and civilization. He finds the traits of bloodthirstiness and vassalage a recrudescence of the qualities of the Goths, Vandals and Huns who peopled Germany early in the Christian era; and he describes self-esteem, which reaches a climax in the utterances of the Kaiser, as so salient a characteristic of the Teutons, and es-

pecially of the Prussians, since the earliest times, that we may assume it to be innate in them. He writes with impassioned earnestness, yet with poise and a well-balanced judgment.

The "jacket" of Mr. Pelham Grenville Wodehouse's "Uneasy Money" gives one the key to the nature of the story. There one sees a hatless and slightly disheveled young woman and a young man in correct traveling costume occupying a double seat in a railway car, with an amused and attentive audience of three wide-eyed urchins listening to a conversation, evidently amazing and amusing. Mr. Wodehouse writes in a pleasantly bluff fashion, from the dedication, "To My Wife Bless Her," to the last page, whereon is printed the ejaculation "Ow!" extracted from the hero by a scientifically applied pin in the fingers of the heroine. The number of things which happen between these points is extraordinary. The characters, being more or less connected with the stage, rather enjoy the assumption of pseudonyms, and other harmless deceptions, and Eustace, the monkey, revels in mischief until Atropos quiets him, using the pistol which is the modern substitute for her shears, and leaves the human survivors to repair resultant confusion as best they may. Their success is facilitated and their happiness is augmented by unexpected avalanches of money, until all are opulent and well content. The comic theatrical advertising agent is worthy of Dickens, and the story will give the reader a pleasant hour or two and supply him with the by-words and jokes needed by the summer lounge. D. Appleton & Company.

Among the latest additions to Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.) are "The Life of the First Duke of Newcastle and Other Writings" by Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, a quaint and intimate disclosure of life and

thought and social usage in seventeenth century England; "The Peace of Europe: The Fruits of Solitude, and Other Writings" by William Penn, with an interesting biographical Introduction by Joseph Besse; Honore de Balzac's "Ursule Mirouet," for which George Saintsbury furnishes a brief but discriminating Introduction; and Henrik Ibsen's plays, "Lady Inger of Ostraa," "Love's Comedy" and "The League of Youth," all in one volume, translated by R. Farquharson Sharp, with a brief introductory appreciation.

"Adam's Garden," by Nina Wilcox Putnam, is a many-sided story, beginning by placing incongruously mated persons in intimate relations, in a garden, proceeding joyously to make the wicked outsiders unhappy, and ending pleasantly for all but the serpent, to whom justice is meted in ample measure. He is a handsome, plausible serpent, concealing many varieties of meanness under his glossy coat, and as undiscouraged by failure as the most virtuous school-boy who ever sang "Try, try again" in ear-piercing staccato. Adam, who is innocent of anything worse than profuse employment of the ejaculation "Suffering cats!" is once his victim through Evelyn, the lovely and rich flying-girl, but she rescues him from deadly peril in her aeroplane. The mainspring of the story is a whimsical will leaving a huge fortune to a wayward youth at a certain date, provided that before that time he shall have sufficiently improved one half of it to show that he may safely be trusted with the whole. The consequent entanglement of interests is so clearly set forth as to be easily understood by the most careless reader. A touch of melancholy is given to the tale by the introduction of an unfortunate girl redeemed by the chivalrous behavior of a group of eccentric men, and thus the perfecting touch is given to a romance of New York in her latest stage of development. J. B. Lippincott Company.

The horse dear to the romancer and poet, the noble steed who is the household pet, and supports his beloved master's family by winning races, or saves their lives, is not related to the animal that is the mainspring of Edfrid A. Bingham's "The Heart of Thunder Mountain." Sunnysides is an untamed yellow brute with the disposition of a panther, and the obstinacy of a mule, but in the region honored by his presence he is regarded as very desirable because of his odd beauty. His color is almost golden, his mane and tail yellow, deepening to gold, and that he uses both hoofs and teeth upon anyone attempting to approach him, does not greatly discourage cowboys and horse-breeders who know his value. Consequently, one after another they attempt his capture and to all but one he brings bad luck. To the exception he brought long suffering and torturing pain, but in the end happiness unspeakable, and then he went to his own place. The hero and heroine are not the first fictitious pair whom fate has isolated from their kind, but Mr. Bingham shows originality, and does not hesitate to present them in the squalor inevitable when two human beings are immured for weeks in a cave, and compelled to endure all the suffering caused by insufficient clothing, food and fire. Maid and lover are worthy of one another and the assurance of their worldly prosperity and the probability of the man's success as an artist are the least of the good things finally showered upon them by the author. Marriage can bring them few prosaic revelations and its poetry is all before them. The similar situation, developed in Charles Reade's "Foul Play" is made comparatively easy for his castaways by a tropical climate and an abundance of food. Mr. Bingham from first to last is unsparing in his dealings with his characters. He has a good style and his first book presages others of at least equal merit. Little, Brown & Co.